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Poetry.

THE NAUGHTY LITTLE KODAK FIEND.

Oh, she was a pretty girl,
With a dainty little curl,
And it wiggle-waggled all the livelong day;
And right under her left arm
Was the thing that did the harm—
'Twas a naughty snap-shot camera, they say.

Like companions never parted,
Like two lovers, single hearted,
This sweet dear and kodak to the seaside came;
And the way that people hustled,
Dodged the corners, skulked and bustled
Out of focus of the maiden was a shame.

Many consciences, I'm sure,
That sly maid could not endure,
While, like Nemesis, she prowled about the beach;
And she snapped them here and there,
Everybody, everywhere,
Save the fleetest, who soon got beyond her reach.

Many flirting wives, I ween,
Didn't just like being seen
In a photo in the arms of some black sheep;
And 'twould be a sad mishap
For a maid to kiss a chap
In a picture while her chaperon's asleep!

Was it not a sorry plight
When they sat up half the night,
Thinking how to beat the kodak fiend so bold?
While she, caring not a rap,
Kept up that incessant snap,
Till she had two hundred shocking pictures cold!

Then she sent the film away
To be changed to photos gay,
But she got an answer ere the week was done:
"Madame: You forgot to twist
The little wheel, I wist,
So you've got two hundred pictures all in one!"

Thus it got around full soon,
And the man up in the moon
Could have heard their shouts of laughter and her moan;
And the little kodak maid
Did not stand it, I'm afraid,
So she packed her duds and left for parts unknown.

N. Y. World.

"I LOVE YOU, DEAR."

She looked at him with quick surprise,
She looked at him with tear-brimmed eyes,
Her tight-closed hand no motion shaped,
No word her curling lips escaped.
His eyes were bright, his voice was clear:
He only said: "I love you, dear!"

Her eyes were deep with anger's hue,
They softened into tender blue,
The haughty curve her lip forsook;
Her hand lay open on her book.
Then, as he spoke, he drew more near,
And said again: "I love you, dear!"

Where sweet love dwells wrath cannot stay;
Her smiles chased all the tears away.
She looked at him, "Ah, do not fear,
I, too, can say, 'I love you, dear!' "
His smile replied, "Our hearts are near,"
His words were still "I love you, dear!"

Ah! when the fire of anger burns,
And all life's sweet to bitter turns,
When eyes are dim and lips close set,
Prepared to storm and to regret;
Then happy we if Greatheart near
Have strength to say: "I love you, dear!"

—Exchange.

TO AMARYLLIS, WHO WOULD WRITE.

When lovely Amaryllis speaks,
Her words my homage so compel
That readily for days or weeks
Content I'd sit
To hear the wit
And wisdom from her lips which fell.

And ah! when Amaryllis sings,
All conversation dies away;
A bird she is, bereft of wings;
The nightingale
Would wholly fail
To imitate her upper A.

But oh! when Amaryllis writes
She hopes to conquer fame by dint
Of scribbling stories, and invites
He swain to praise
Each clumsy phrase,
And bids him get the stuff in print.

Nay, let an easier plan be tried,
And if for sure renown you look
You've but to lay the pen aside;
We'll soon declare
The maiden rare
Who never even wrote a book!

—St. James Gazette.

Miscellany.

TRIED TO PLEASE EVERYBODY.

Why the Bicycle Girl Was a Weird Spectacle.

She was probably the weirdest-looking spectacle ever seen on Manhattan Island, says the New York World. She came down the steps of her remote Harlem home and confronted her family on the front steps. Two bicycles of the masculine and feminine gender respectively stood at the bottom of the steps and a masculine bicyclist lounged against the rail.

"Why, Maude!" exclaimed the apparition's mother. "What have you on your head, child?"

It was quite evident that Maude had on a big black chip hat trimmed with pink roses and black chiffon.

"My garden party hat," replied Maude, composedly. "You know that the last time I rode papa objected to my cap. He said there was no reason why I should make myself more hideous than nature had intended me to be, and added that this was a becoming piece of headgear."

"But—Maude!" cried her eldest sister, "you have forgotten your skirt."

"Oh, no, I haven't," said Maude. "I am wearing black satin bloomers, because Claude declared that no woman who wore a skirt could ever look at ease on her wheel. So I have simply left it off."

"Will you be kind enough to explain why you are wearing silk stockings and strapped slippers?" demanded Maude's father.

"Certainly, sir," replied the young woman. "Mamma says that it breaks her heart to see me with hideous bicycle shoes and masculine-looking gaiters on. And I don't wish to break her heart."

"Why are you wearing that heavy Norfolk jacket and a standing collar this warm night?" demanded Maude's brother.

"Because sister has assured me that she loves to see me look trim and trig and has added that I look trim in nothing else."

"Well," exclaimed her aggrieved mother, "you surely can't accuse any of us asking you to add the finishing touch to your ridiculous get-up by wearing that gold chain and heart-shaped locket."

"No, none of you. But Charles"—looking at the waiting bicyclist—"begged me always to wear it. Now, here I am, dressed according to suggestions from you all. Are you satisfied? Do you like it? Or will you let me dress to suit myself in the future?"

"Go dress yourself properly, Maude," said her mother.

"Yes, go," shouted the repentant family.

And ten minutes later a neat figure in brown cap, skirt and gaiters and a pink shirt waist rode merrily off on her wheel.

Keeping Chickens.

"Hit mus' be a heap of expense ter keep sech er lot er chickings," said Erastus Pinkly, as he stopped at the gate to cast a glance at Farmer Corntossel's poulary yard.

"Oh, not such a greddeal," replied Farmer Corntossel.

"What am de principal items ob expense?"

"Powder and shot."—Washington Star.

Decided.

"Do you think you can make a good portrait of me?"

"I'm afraid I must answer you in the negative."—Pick-Me-Up.

A WOMAN COUNTY TREASURER.

She is a Colorado Girl and Not a Politically Active One.

The Republicans of Arapahoe county, Colorado, in which Denver is situated, have signified their belief in women as political factors by nominating Miss Florence McCune, for county treasurer. This is the first time that a woman has ever been named for an important financial position, but Miss McCune seems singularly well qualified for it.

When her father died in 1881, influence was brought to bear upon the county treasurer to induce him to appoint Miss McCune assistant, as she had no other means of supporting her bereaved mother. The girl gave satisfaction, and as she attended strictly to business when others were chasing

COUNTY TREASURER M'CUNE.

for votes she grew with the office until she was recognized as a permanent employee. Last month, when the bondsmen of the treasurer withdrew from his bond and the county was left without a treasurer for three days, the banks with an unanimity that was remarkable at the time urged the commissioners to fill the vacancy by appointing Miss McCune. Legal difficulties prevented this, but the fact of her long and honest service was not lost upon those who had dealings with her for thirteen years.

David H. Moffat, president of the First National bank, of Denver, and said to be the wealthiest man in the state, notified the convention that unless the lady was nominated there would be difficulty in finding bondsmen to render any one else eligible for the place. This was sufficient.

Miss McCune is not a member of any of the numerous political clubs organized for the benefit of the new voter, and has never taken any part in politics. What makes the nomination even more significant is that she is not in accord with the proscriptive ideas of the faction that dominates the party in Arapahoe county.

A MISTAKE WAS MADE.

The End of a Summer Romance—Which Was to Blame?

They met at the seashore, he and she—Miss Bailey and Mr. Blank.

He, one of those desirable, fascinating fellows of summer, and she a real summer-girl.

His entire time and attention were given to her and to no one else. It is not strange that when his short vacation was ended he had won her heart. Girls' hearts are easily won where men are few.

Did he promise to write her upon his immediate return to the city and see her when she also returned?

Aye, faithfully, and sh they parted, he reluctantly (?) returning to the city and she remaining desolate and unhappy at the shore. Every few days he wrote her tender, sympathetic epistles, each telling of his loneliness, his love, etc.

The time was now at hand. She would test his devotion and weigh its worth. She would write him a letter and pretend that she had met his wife. What a good joke it would be, and how he would feel! What an apologizing letter he would write! What fun! So, in a cool, dignified manner she penned the following:

Dear Mr. Blank:—I received your last yesterday and am shocked at your conduct.

There was a large hop given here last night, the largest one of the season. A great many strangers came down, and among them your wife!

I was introduced to her by Mrs. Somebody, and when I heard her name I was pained, indeed.

I cannot comprehend how you could ever treat such a dear, sweet lovable little woman in the way you have. Men should treat their wives honorably and justly, "and forsaking all others, keep her unto him." If I have been rash, pardon me, but my moral views are high, I assure you, and I could not let such conduct pass unnoticed. If there has been any mistake, forget it. Let me know what the real truth is, for I am deeply shocked and grieved. Allow me to remain, sincerely,

Elizabeth Ethelbert Bailey.

Mr. John Yeomans Pottes Blank.

The reply came:

Dear Miss Bailey:—I am grieved that you should have been so pained. Your discoveries are, indeed, very startling, as much so to me as yourself. I appreciate your high moral views and agree with you "that a man should treat his wife honorably and justly, and, forsaking all others, keep her unto him." I thank you for your many kind suggestions. With such discoveries as you have made, the law in such a case would prevent my doing otherwise than allowing you to remain Elizabeth Ethelbert Bailey.

I am, dear Miss Bailey, your obedient servant,

John Yeomans Pottes Blank.

Miss Elizabeth Ethelbert Bailey.

The note fell from her hands. She was bewildered and surprised, shocked at the consequences. Was it true that he was married?

Did he believe that she had met his wife? That was a question. He did not say that he was married, nor that he was not. There was nothing more to be said, so the acquaintance closed.

A mistake was made. Which made it, he or she?—Boston Home Journal.

Luck of Time.

"Too late."

Her eyes were sad and ever sadder grew.

He was going to say good night, had she not reminded him that it was too late.

There was not time.

It was now 11:55 o'clock, and the milkman always called promptly at four.—Detroit Tribune.

No Harm Meant.

"Do you know," he was saying, "that I never can keep my head under water when I go swimming. I've tried and tried?"

"Perhaps you don't try long enough," she said in an absentminded way, and he is still wondering what she meant.—Detroit Free Press.

He Liked the Investment.

Robbie (in a sober mood)—"Oh, mamma, I wish I only had all the money I've spent for sweets."

Mamma (proudly)—"My boy would put it in his savings bank, wouldn't he?"

Robbie (deliberately)—"No, mamma, I'd buy more sweets."—Harper's Round Table.

Unnecessarily Gloomy.

"I cannot deceive you," he protested.

"Darling," she murmured.

And so they were married.

After that he found he had taken an unnecessarily gloomy view of the situation. He found as a matter of fact he could deceive her with a clove and the old lodge story.—Detroit Tribune.

Cumulative Evidence.

"You ought to be very proud of your wife. She is a brilliant talker."

"You're right there."

"Why, I could listen to her all night."

"I often do."—Texas Siftings.

MICROSCOPIC CHIROGRAPHY.

Interesting Specimens of Writing in a Washington Museum.

Among the collection of microscopic objects in the United States Army Medical Museum at Washington is a specimen of microscopic writing on glass, which contains the Lord's prayer, written in characters so small that the entire 227 letters of that petition are engraved within an area measuring 1-294th by 1-441st of an inch. So far statement does not trouble us. If, however, we go a little further we easily find that the area having the above dimensions would be only the 1-129,654th of a square inch, covered with writing of the same and consequently that an inch square size, or counting 227 letters to each such fractions, would contain 29,431,458 letters.

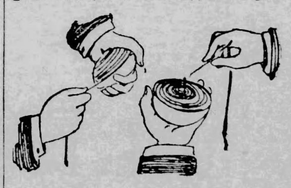
Let us put this figure into a concrete form by seeing how much of a book this number of letters would represent. The Bible is a book of which we may safely assume that every one has an approximate idea as regards its general size or extent. Some one has actually determined the number of letters contained in the entire old and new testaments, and finds this to be 3,566,480. Hence the number of letters which a square inch of glass would accommodate, written out like the text of the Lord's prayer on this strip of glass, is more than eight times this last number, or, in other words, a square inch of glass would accomodate the entire text of the Bible eight times over written out as is the Lord's prayer on this strip of glass. I am free to confess that though this fact has been known to me since 1873, and I have had in my possession photographs taken with the microscope of this writing, I can not say that I fully apprehend or mentally grasp the fact just stated. I can form no mental picture of a square inch of glass with the entire text of eight Bibles upon it, and yet, when I have verified the measurements and calculations leading up to this conclusion, I feel absolutely certain as to its truth, not as the result of intuition, but as a deduction from experience which has not yet developed into an intuitive consciousness. — Cassier's Magazine.

LESSON IN GEOMETRY.

Surface of a Sphere Equals Four Times the Surface of a Great Circle.

Here is the demonstration of a famous theorem of plane geometry—the surface of a sphere is equal to four times the surface of a great circle. A great circle is the section made in a sphere by a plane passing through its center, and the radius of the great circle is therefore equal to the radius of the sphere.

Saw a croquet-ball, or any wooden sphere, through the center. Now take one of the hemispheres thus obtained and drive a tack into the pole of the great circle; that is to say, at the point



of the ball that is most elevated when you place the flat part on a table. Fasten to the tack the end of a cord, and wind the latter around the surface of the ball, just as you wind a cord on a spinning top, so that it exactly covers all the curved surface of the half-ball. Then cut the cord at the point where you stopped winding.

Now take the other half of the ball, and having driven a tack into the center of its flat part, which is a great circle of the sphere, roll a cord, of the same thickness as that used on the other half ball, around the tack, pressing it closely on the flat surface of the circle. Stop when the circle is entirely covered and cut the cord.

Unroll both cords, now, and you will find that the first is exactly twice as long as the second. This proves that the surface of a hemisphere is equal to twice the surface of a great circle; and, consequently, that the surface of an entire sphere is equal to four times that of a great circle.

Quod erat demonstrandum.—Philadelphia Times.

IT COST THEM $30 A SEAT.

What Sedate Philadelphians Paid to See Their Actors Play.

Playgoers growl at the price of seats in the theater to-day, but let them read what was charged in Philadelphia at one time, as told in the interesting new volume of stage reminiscence, "Shakespeare's Heroines on the Stage," and then rest content. The story is told in these words in the book:

"In 1769, at Annapolis, 'The Merchant of Venice' was produced by the New American company, with Mrs Osborne, the heavy tragedy actress, as the heroine. The curtain rang up at 6 p. m. In the new play-house. Gentlemen who desired to pay out five shillings rat, perforce, in the pit or upper boxes; those who could afford seven shillings sixpence chose the more fashionable lower boxes. Some of the cheaper seats were not easy of access, if we may judge by this advertisement in the paper of the day: 'Upper boxes are now preparing, the passage to which must be from the stage; it is therefore hoped such gentlemen and ladies as choose to fix on these seats will come before the play begins, as it is not possible they can be admitted after the curtain is drawn up.'

"As for the cost of going to the theater in the New York play-house at this time, that ran lower; gallery seats there sold for two shillings each, pit seats for four shillings, and the boxes, of which there were ten, for five shillings. These prices, however, were apparently very moderate, (whether they were in New York shillings or sterling shillings) compared with the prices at the Philadelphia Theater in 1780, when $15 was charged for the admission of a child, $20 for a gallery seat, $30 for admission to the pit, and $40 for a box; but these later prices, it may be added, were in Continental money."

AS TO TREES.

Early fruit growers trained apple trees tall so as to get straight logs out of the trunks, which are very good for shoemakers' lasts and for saw handles.

In England a pear or peach tree is trained like a vine, against the south side of a wall.

There's a big elm in Savanna, Ill., which is twenty-three feet nine inches in circumference and supposed to be 336 years old. Elms are rapid growers.

The largest Georgia oak is twenty-seven feet in circumference. It is in Oglethorpe county.

The magnolia tree is named in honor of the French professor, Magnol.

There is believed to be no tree in the world taller than 482 feet—the height of a blue gum in Wybeck, N. S. W., Australia.

The Bo tree of Ceylon is said to have sprouted from a slip of the tree under which Buddha was born.

Sang Her Life Song.

"Didn't you think that the soprano sang 'The Mistakes of My Life Have Been Many' with a good deal of feeling this morning?"

"There is no reason why she shouldn't; she's been married three times."—Truth.

BOWNS FOR A DUCHESS.

BEWILDERING WEDDING TROUSSEAU OF MISS VANDERBILT.

Almost a Mile of Dainty Lingerie and Enough Footgear to Shoe a Regiment of Girls.

Yards and yards of white satin, shining like silver, bolts of cobweb-like lace, ribbons and jewels and soft white silk go to make the beautiful gown in which Consuelo Vanderbilt will become Her Grace, the ninth Duchess of Marlborough.

The day is set for the sixth of November, the church has been chosen, the wedding cake ordered, and the wedding gown has crossed the seas in the satin-lined box. Such a marvel of a gown, looking simplicity itself and yet costing a good-sized fortune, irrespective of the jewels, which will all be wedding gifts to the fair young slip of a girl bride, who was only 17 last February.

Following the English fashion the wedding will be celebrated at high noon, and this necessitates a gown cut high in the neck, with long sleeves. Her veil of rarest old lace, the gift of the bridegroom's mother, has been copied in the flounces on the wedding gown and on the exquisite white silk petticoat.

There will be bows everywhere, for this is to be a season of bows, not rosettes, but every day, plain bows. They will be on the white satin slippers, festooning the lace draperies, and finishing the full, soft satin and lace collar at the back of the neck.

Her jewels will be marvelously beautiful, from the strawberry leaved coronet which the bridegroom will present, to the diamond-studded girdle and necklace which her father has ordered for her. Rubies are her favored gems, and well do they accord in their fiery splendor with her dark, Spanish type of loveliness. She has chosen these among other jewels to present to her bridesmaids and maid of honor as souvenirs of her wedding day.

Next in point of interest after her wedding finery is, of course, the going away gown. This is a combination of silvery gray brocade combined with pale-green cloth and trimmed with

THE BRIDAL GOWN.

sable, lace and velvet. It is made with a Louis XVI. coat of gray brocade, with the design in pale pink roses. The vest is faint pink, accordion-plaited chiffon over gray silk, and the odd feature of the coat is its collar of green cloth, which is cut in tabs to form epaulettes over the shoulders. Three tabs fall over each shoulder. They are edged with sable and rest upon a deep frill of ivory-tinted lace. A rose-pink velvet stock surmounts the cloth collar, and the skirt of this elaborate gown is of the green cloth, cut in the Paquin design, plain and very full.

The hat is a picturesque combination of green velvet, ivory lace and green ostrich feathers, with a touch of pink under the flaring brim.

Never, outside of royalty itself, has so much money been spent upon a trousseau. There are dresses to dance in, to sit in, to walk in and, above and beyond all of these in point of cost and magnificence, are the dresses in which the fair young duchess will do nothing at all, except look beautiful. The house gowns, all made for the most part with full round skirts, with little bolero pockets opening over vests of lace, and full sleeves, made with a decided droop from the shoulder.

The richest embroidery of silk, velvet and lace is shown on every gown, whether silk, satin, cloth or velvet Some of the gowns of white cloth are made lovely with a new mousseline de soie, with insertion of real guipure and valenciennes arranged over satin. Fur trims everything, and the Parisian designer has mingled velvet, lace, chiffon and fur on one gown and has made it a thing of beauty.

The wraps and the bonnets are wonderful to look upon. There are opera cloaks of white satin, lined with white fur, black velvet and gold brocade combined with Russian sable, rose colored velvet, touched about the collar and lined throughout with silvery gray fox. There are short jackets of Persian lamb and seal skin, and heavy coats of sable and mink, with wonderfully shaped collars and capes, requiring yards of material and bushels of money to pay for them all.

Some of the unusual orders for this dainty bride were six of the most approved bicycle suits and several hunting costumes. The one most liked by Miss Vanderbilt, and which she will wear to her first hunt, is a conventional costume of blue serge with the skirt slightly waved, falling as far as the ankle. This skirt is buttoned from top to bottom at the side with flat or dead buttons. The jacket is short and scalloped, the seams stitched; it opens with broad flaps of white cloth over a blue waistcoat with gold buttons, the same shape as those on the skirt, but smaller. A cravat of white cambric is tied under a flat collar. The gaiters which are buttoned, are of white coutil, reaching to the knees and worn over thick yellow boots.

A girlish-looking dancing gown is made after this fashion: A skirt of white poult de soie, round and very wide, with bell plaits all around, except in front which has a very narrow apron; blouse body, cut low and square at the neck of white accordion plaited mousseline de soie, with a bertha of old English application lace, draped with roses and admirably chiffonee; large balloon sleeves of white poult de soie, brocade with colored roses and foliage; round waist band, very high, of white satin, confined closely to waist with an antique buckle of gold and colored stones.

Besides the wonderful lingerie of white silk and thread-like cambric, trimmed in billows of real lace, and made beautiful with tiny ribbons of every shade, besides bonnets, hats and gloves for every single outdoor gown, the money spent upon the little belongings would support a family a life-time.

Boxes of gloves at $50 the dozen, boxes of filmy handkerchiefs at $6 and upwards apiece, parasols and umbrellas, covered with ruffles of exquisite lace and rich with the bejeweled coronet and monogram; fans and hosiery, and thread-lace veils, and many more expensive luxuries which we everyday people know nothing of, but which are as absolutely necessary to this bride as dew is to flowers or honey to the butterflies.

Not counting her jewels, the young Duchess of Marlborough will carry to Blenheim Palace more than $100,000 worth of costly raiment, including, of course her wonderful furs and magnificent laces.

THE OLD GERMAN FAD.

What is the Latest Fashion in Country-House Furniture.

In the matter of house-decoration there is a tendency to revolt from the ornate, somewhat over-elaborate styles of the French, and to cultivate the severe simplicity of the German renaissance. Chairs, upright, prim and rigid in outline, forbidding any suggestion of indolent ease, are shown, though their narrow seats and high backs are enriched with curious carving. Wainscoting of antique oak, carved in griffins, centaurs and other fantastic designs, the staining deftly contrived to imitate the substantial decorations of old feudal castles and baronial keeps, black with the wear of centuries, must skirt the apartment in which these chairs hold conspicuous place. Quaint, stiff-looking tables of odd design are in keeping, and capacious, wide-shelved sideboards and curious cabinets, extending almost to the ceiling, give character to the room, the candelabra and smaller ornaments of which are likewise distinctive.

There is nothing finical, frivolous or effeminate in such an apartment; every article suggests days of stirring deeds. It is absolutely essential that a room furnished in the style of the German renaissance should have on the high mantelshelf and on the oaken sideboard a number of the beermugs so long associated with that country. "Three quarts of beer and you will be in paradise," reads the German legend on one grotesque-looking mug—a mug with a close-fitting top, and straight up and down from lid to bottom. Another antique treasure has a music-box concealed underneath within the china walls. When the mug is tilted to the drinker's lips some German melody greets his ears, and the moment the juglike mug is replaced on the table the music ceases. "True love will keep the heart healthy," advises the reading on another drinking cup, whose blended coloring in blue and carmine is a delight to the eye.

Papa Looked Stern.

"Jennie," said little Mabel to her big sister at breakfast, "did you tell papa?"

"Tell papa what?" asked Jennie.

"Why, you told Mr. Buster last night if he did it again you'd tell papa—and he did it again. I saw him!"

And then papa looked at Jennie over his glasses.—Harper's Bazar.

Our Serial Story.

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AN ENEMY'S WORK

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

CHAPTER XXIII.

There is no need for me to linger long over this gloomy time in Philip Conway's life. I need not attempt to describe the sense of desolation that came over him when, after examination, he was committed to the county jail to await his trial, which would take place the last of November.

And I need not try to tell you what his wife's sorrow and trials were in this terrible time. Her faith in his innocence was unwavering. He could not doubt him when he looked her in the face and told her that he was guiltless of the old man's death.

They had expected John Sterne to foreclose the mortgage on the farm immediately after the expiration of the time given, but to Sarah's surprise he did not. He sent word to her that she need not trouble herself about the matter in any way.

"Our troubles must have touched his flinty heart," she thought.

What was to be the end? She asked herself the question, and could not answer it.

The opinion of the people was plainly against Philip. The proof of his guilt seemed too convincing and positive to admit of any doubt.

"Oh, God, be with us in this hour of bitter need," she prayed. And the thought that he knew brought the only way of comfort that came into her shadowed life. Yes—God knew, and it was all in his hands. She would trust him.

The time of trial came.

The courtroom was filled to overflowing. The excitement was intense. Had it been in a locality where lynch law prevailed no trial would have been necessary. But lynch law had not gained supremacy over civil law in Waynesford, and no violence was offered the prisoner, but he felt how intensely the feelings of the people were against him. They looked upon him as a murderer; they believed he had taken the life of an old man whose hair was white for the grave.

Sarah sat beside him in the courtroom, Baby Robert crowed upon his knee. Poor little child! And, Dora, also a firm believer in his innocence, kept Sarah company.

How much the sweet, sad smile of his patiently suffering wife cheered him in that terrible hour he could have told no one. But the loving, tender look she gave him which told how much she trusted him, and how strong her faith in him was, gave him courage to face the dark looks on every side.

That every one had reason to think him guilty he could not deny. He had but little doubt, when he thought it all over, of what the verdict would be.

What would it be but death?

The reader is already familiar with the events that had transpired, and, therefore, to give a detail of the trial would be to repeat what the reader already knows.

Each witness called upon only threw a darker shadow of guilt upon him. All testimony was against him. There was positively none worth the name in his defense. He could only say that he was innocent—that was all.

The jury was not long absent from the courtroom. When the foreman stood up to render the result of their deliberations, there was silence like that of death. Philip sat pale as death, but outwardly quiet, with Sarah's hand in his. Her face was hidden on his shoulder. She had read from the faces of the twelve men what their verdict was to be.

"What say you, gentlemen, of the jury, guilty or not guilty?"

There was a pause, and then the foreman answered solemnly.

"Guilty."

Philip had expected it. Nevertheless, when it came it seemed to him that he must be dreaming or dying. The sea of faces before him grew dim, and there was a sound of mighty waters in his ears. Through it he heard the judge telling him to stand up and hear sentence passed upon him, and he obeyed mechanically, feeling as if his feet were already at the borders of the other world.

To be hanged by the neck until dead, on the fifteenth day of December, and might God have mercy on his soul."

Not a month between him and death. He heard the words of the judge, the solemn exhortation to repent, but they fell on senseless ears. To die! To suffer for what he had not done! That thought was uppermost in his mind.

Sarah's touch and voice aroused him.

"Philip," she said brokenly, "Philip."

"Oh, my poor wife," he cried, breaking down for the first time. "What is to become of you and little Rob? I wish we were all dead together."

"God will take care of us," she said, holding up the boy for him to kiss, while the world and everything in it was hidden by her tears.

"God! Does God permit such things to be?" he cried bitterly. 'An innocent man to die for another's crime? Don't talk to me of God, if He does that!"

"God's ways are not as our ways," she whispered, with a long and tender kiss. "What looks dark to us is plain to him. He knows best. Think that, Philip, and don't doubt his wisdom and love, for if ever you needed his help, you need it now."

"Forgive me, dear," he said. "But it seems hard, hard, hard, for an innocent man to suffer in a guilty man's stead."

Then they came and took him back to jail.

Sarah was allowed to see him every day. They had not the heart to deny him that comfort.

"It will only be for a little while," he said, sadly, as he watched the failing sun through the bars of his prison cell. "Such a little while. If I could only take you with me."

"We will follow in God's own good time," she answered. "Till then he will care for us. Trust him and never fear."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Many of my readers will remember the terrible thunder storm that visited some localities of the United States in the middle of December, in the year of which I write.

It was on the night before the day set for Philip Conway's execution.

Outside the shadows gathered darkly, and snow fell in little showers, mingled with rain and sleet. The wind blew wildly, and the trees outside the jail clashed their long branches in the battle of the elements as if they were weapons wielded by the hands of unseen giants.

Philip and Sarah sat together, silent and thoughtful, with little Robbie sleeping between them, clasping a hand of each. Dear little fellow! It was so hard to leave him! But harder than the thought of that was the one of leaving to him the heritage of disgrace which always attaches itself to a felon's name.

Truly the Conway pride was humbled in the dust so low that even its worst enemy, John Sterne, must be satisfied.

Of late, since the night of the murder, in fact—Sterne seemed to have met with some great change. There was something about the man that no one had noticed before, a strange haunted look, as if something was always present before him that shook bloody hands in his face and jeered at him mockingly.

That night he sat alone before the fire. There were travellers at the inn, but they had retired.

"To-morrow they'll hang him," he kept saying over to himself. "Yes, innocent as the baby he held on his knee when they tried him. But I can't help it. I can't help it!"

The wind whistled eerily in every crevice, and roared outside and rocked the old red tavern to its foundation.

A flash of lightning tore its way across the black night, and made the world light as day with blue, lurid fire for one brief moment.

"The bottles seem to be filled with blood," he said, shivering closer to the fire. "How that flash made them sparkle. They shone like devil's eyes."

Flash after flash, followed by deep, long echoing thunder, startled the world. John Sterne covered his face with his hands to shut out the sight of everything.

Then, for a little time the storm lulled.

It's about over," he said. "And it's about over for poor Phil Conway. I'm sorry for him."

Suddenly, another blinding flash lit up the room, followed by a deafening crash that jingled the bottles together behind the bar, as if phantom hands were at work among them, and rattled the windows in their frames, as if all the spirits of the storm were knocking for admittance. The wind wailed and shrieked about the house, and when the long roll of the thunder died away, the rain beat against the house like hail."

"It's an awful night," John Sterne said with a shiver. "An awful night!"

Another flash came. The room was light as day for a moment. From a distant corner he fancied he saw a dead face looking out at him.

"Go away, Uncle Job!" he cried, putting out his hands as if to keep somebody back. "I didn't mean to do it. I swear I didn't! I never dreamed it was you! How was I to know you, after so long? And I didn't mean to make death of it, I tell you. Go away and let me be!"

Another flash lit up the room blindingly, followed almost instantly by a crash of thunder louder than had preceded it. John Sterne felt the old house rock and tremble like a ship that has run upon a reef. Then the sound of falling timbers struck his ears.

"The house is struck," he cried, and started for the door, but a piece of timber struck him ere he reached the threshold, and felled him to the floor.

The bar-room was in a wing of the building, and it was this wing that had been struck. The lodgers in the main part of the building saved themselves easily enough. The wing had taken fire, and the flames soon spread to other portions of the house.

Almost at the last moment before the roof of the wing fell in some one remembered to have heard Sterne stirring about in the bar-room just before the last peal of thunder tolled its knell for the old tavern. The door was broken in, and he was found and dragged out.

And so "Sterne's hell," as some one with a sense of the eternal fitness of things had named it, burned down in the wild winter night, and many a woman and child thanked God for it.

John Sterne was insensible when taken from the burning building, but the rain and sleet falling in his face soon revived him.

"I am going to die," he said, 'with a wild, scared look in his face. 'I'm bleeding to death in here." He put his hands upon his breast. "Don't stir me!" to the men who tried to lift him. "I can't stand it. Let me lie here."

They urged him in vain to let them carry him to some place of shelter.

"No, let me alone," he said, and closed his eyes. The light of the flickering flames upon his face showed that he was indeed dying.

Suddenly he roused up.

"Philip Conway didn't kill the old man. I did it. I put the pocket-book in his clothes, and left the club by him. I swear he is innocent. There, Uncle Job, go away! I've confessed it all, and you ought to be satisfied. I can't do anything more, can I?"

The doctor came soon after this. He gave some stimulant to the dying man and it seemed to bring back his failing strength, in a measure, and he let them carry him under a shed, where the rain could not beat upon him.

"You have but a short time to live," the doctor said. "If you have anything to tell about Conway, you had better tell it at once. I will write down what you say and these men will witness it. If you want to save Conway's life, be quick with what you have to tell, for the end may be very near at hand."

He told his story. He had not meant to kill the old man. He had intended to stun him, and fix the suspicion of robbery on Philip, while he was insensible, but he had struck harder blows than he thought to, and his attempt to make Philip Conway seem a thief had culminated in murder. When the old man was brought to the old red tavern dead, he had recognized in his victim his Uncle Job, who had been in California for years.

"Tell Phil Conway the mortgage is burned up. I've made him a great deal of trouble, but I've done all I could, at the last, to make it right. I've got to die, and I've been such a bad man. But it's too late to help that now. I've got to die and face my wickedness. Oh, my God, I've got to die, die, die!"

And with that wail upon his lips he fell back, and the guilty soul went forth in the stormy night. The work of John Sterne's life was ended. Pity him! He had need of it, God knows!

And in the wild and stormy night a man rode fast toward the little town of Danforth, where Philip sat waiting for the morning of his last day on earth to dawn.

"I think something has happened," he said to Sarah, as the first gray light of morning broke in the east. "I heard the sound of horses' feet a few minutes ago, and now I hear men coming this way. Or else I've been dreaming. Would to God we might wake up and find it all a dream. Can it be that I am to die to-day?"

The key turned in the prison door. It swung open. Two men came in.

"I congratulate you," the foremost one cried. "The real murderer has confessed his crime. "You will go to freedom, instead of the gallows."

Free! free! free!

Free to breathe God's pure air, to come and go, and to look the world in the face and proclaim his innocence. The stain off his name!

Free! free! free!

The room seemed whirling about him, and he put out his hands toward Sarah. She caught him as he fell. The reaction was so great that nature gave way, and for a time the world was a blank to him.

"God had him in his keeping," whispered Sarah to the baby, through happy tears. "Oh, God is good."

"Sarah," Philip said one day, some months later, when they were walking together over the fields, growing green in the soft spring sunshine. "God helping me, I'll never touch a drop of liquor again, and we'll train up little Rob to hate the accursed stuff as we'll try to make him hate everything bad."

"Amen," she said, and her face told what the prayer of her heart was, that she had said amen to.

Beware of the enemy, my readers. He is doing deadly work in our land to-day; a fiendish work that fills homes and hearts with sorrow and shame and ruin. May the time come, and that speedily, when his spell is broken, and the land set free from the power of Demon Drink.

THE END.

A MECHANICAL JACKET HOLDER.

A German Invention to Aid One in Donning Heavy Wraps.

The opration of drawing on a jacket or other garment for outdoor wear exclusively involves no little difficulty and exertion if no helping hand is nigh. Moreover, an article of clothing may be injured, as every one knows, if one is compelled to resort to violent tugs and stretching of the sleeve. The happy thought, to provide aid for this purpose by means of a mechanical contrivance, is as original as it is practical and is realized by the device illustrated herewith. The invention consists of two parts: one a soft, square cushion of plush, provided with a cord and ring wherewith to suspend it, and the other the instrument proper, a strong loop, made of nickel-plated metal, and also arranged so as to be hung at a convenient height. Two rubber disks, furrowed on their inner faces, are placed in such a way that they open apart an inch or so when a person presses the levers of the clasp together, but they close down on one another firmly when the levers are released. The picture, unfortunately, fails to show exactly how the apparatus works in this respect.

One fastens this appliance with the cushion as a protection to the wall against injury from the metallic portion, in a spot where no furniture will interfere with its use, and suspending a nail or picture hook about five or

six feet above the floor. A lady about to utilize the device grasps her jacket lightly under the left arm so as to leave the hand free to operate the garment with her right hand. Inserting folding or a little of the material of the left sleeve between the rubber jaws and lets them come together gently. (A minute or two later she proceeds similarly with the right sleeve.) While now she slips on the sleeves, one after another, turning herself about meantime, the apparatus takes the place of a garment-holding assistant. By pressing together the outer ends of the clasp levers, one easily releases the cloth from the grasp of the rubber jaws. In consequence of the form of the fastening mechanism any twisting or wear of the fabric is prevented, and one may intrust to it, therefore, without hesitation, garments of the most costly material.

ONE YEAR IN A CEMETERY.

Hundreds of Frenchmen Want to Earn a Bequest.

The conservator of Pere la Chaise, the great cemetery of Paris, is again being deluged with letters from all parts of France, which afford considerable diversion from his ordinarily lugubrious duties. The cause of all this correspondence is the rumor that has spread from Paris through the press and by word of mouth that a Russian princess had left at her decease a legacy of 5,000,000 francs to the person who could pass a year and a day in the chapel erected over her tomb at the Pere la Chaise.

The body was exposed—so the story runs—in a transparent glass coffin, and in order that whoever undertook the long vigil might never lose sight of the dead the walls and ceiling of the tomb were covered with mirrors. The exacting princess commanded that her companion should not do work of any sort to make the hours pass with les lagging feet, but did not forbid reading. The legatee would be allowed to escape for one hour a day, however, to breathe the air and gambol awhile in the cemetery.

This is almost the same tale that started some years ago and made a tour of the world. This year's version, however, bids fair to bring forth a larger correspondence, for the tale seems to have some interesting details added to it. For instance, it is asserted that many persons have attempted to win the coveted treasure, but all have been driven to renounce the vigil after a short time, owing to the terror which was awakened in their breasts by mysterious groans and noises at dead midnight.

Most of the letters received by the Pere la Chaise's conservator are amusing. One is from an ex-soldier, now night watchman in a factory; another, which comes from Brussels, has with it the photograph of the applicant, who says he is a sheep herder; an Englishman writes that if sufficient money be advanced him to defray his traveling expenses he will visit Paris and undertake the guarding of the tomb. But what is particularly curious is the large number of spinsters and widows who are anxious to win the legacy. Some say they need the money for a dowry, while others promise to found an orphan asylum with it.

No one knows how this story started, but the Pere la Chaise authorities say it is absolutely without foundation. It may have had its origin some years ago when a rich manufacturer who had feared to be buried alive was entombed in the great cemetery. According to the provisions of his will two of the family servants watched by his coffin for a week, night and day, for signs of returning animation, but the man was dead and no vast legacy rewarded the watchers.—New York World.

Blood and Wealth.

"Yes," she faltered, "I am thine."

As she spoke the rich blood suffused her cheek.

He saw it.

"Rich," he muttered, bitterly, "but plebeian."

Nevertheless he closed the deal

Question Bureau.

RULES.—1—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2—Only one question at a time. 3—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6—No answers by mail.

Sherman's Letter to Groesbeck.

G. W. M., Nebraska City, Neb., asks: "Did John Sherman write an official letter stating that at the time the silver dollar was discontinued in 1873 he (Sherman) was in favor of a single gold standard, and at the time did not anticipate the fall of silver or the rise of gold that has occurred, and the dangerous effect upon industry by dropping one of the precious metals?"

Mr. Sherman wrote a letter to the late W. S. Groesbeck, of Cincinnati, which is as follows.

"Treasury Department, July 15, 1878.

"Dear Sir:—To that part of your letter of the 12th inst. in which you ask my views of the matter confided in the monetary commission, I have some deliberation in replying very fully. During the monetary conference in Paris, when silver in our country was excluded from circulation by being undervalued, I was strongly in favor of the single standard of gold, and wrote a letter which you will find in the proceedings of that conference, stating briefly my views. At that time the wisest among us did not anticipate the sudden fall of silver or the rise of gold that has occurred. This uncertainty of a relation between the two metals is one of the chief arguments in favor of a monometallic system, but other arguments, showing the dangerous effect upon industry by dropping one of the precious metals from the standard of value, outweigh in my mind all theoretic objections to the bimetallic system. I am thoroughly convinced that if it were possible for the leading commercial nations to fix by agreement an arbitrary relation between silver and gold, even though the market value might vary somewhat from time to time, it would be a measure of the greatest good to all nations. My earnest desire is that you may succeed in doing this.

"You are so well informed upon the subject that it is not worth while for me to enlarge upon it. The statements and documents sent you by the director of the mint will give in authentic form most of the material facts which bear upon the question, and your own investigations on the silver commission will, I am certain, supply any deficiency. Very truly yours,

"JOHN SHERMAN, Secretary."

L. E. S., Nebraska City, Neb., also writes on the same topic, and asks: "What was it that caused the great change in Mr. Sherman's theories? Was it for the benefit for the whole American people, or was it simply a fact that he was paid a large sum of money by English capitalists, to change his views and stand upon a gold basis and against silver? If you desire to give the people the truth, please give Sherman's letter and tell your readers why the change was affected."

Before discussing this, let us say a word of protest against the charge that Sherman, or anybody else, was paid a bribe by English capitalists. Sensible people should be above such slimy campaigning. No man of intelligence supposes that any money was paid, by anybody, to influence the views of any man, or to pass the coinage law of 1873. Here is a question we have often asked, but English capitalists, or English capitalists tried anybody, they certainly expected to get the money back in some way. The only way in which capitalists use money is by loaning it out at interest. But interest rates in all the financial centers of America and Europe are much lower than they were in 1873, and for years previous. And the loans are taken at rates not much over half what was then paid. Hence how did they make any money by the alleged bribery?

Now, as to Mr. Sherman's letter. The difficulty with the second query above is, that he don't define bimetallism correctly. He thinks bimetalism means the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1. This is not correct, nor does Mr. Sherman take that view. Bimetallism is the use of both gold and silver as primary money; and it also contemplates that the market value of the silver in the silver dollar shall be equal to the market value of the gold in the gold dollar.

Remember, Mr. Sherman's letter was written in 1878. The average price of silver that year was $1.15 per ounce. The silver dollar was worth about 90 cents in gold. This was a small difference, compared with the difference now. As Sherman held then, as his letter to Groesbeck shows, that an international agreement among the "leading commercial nations" would make bimetallism practical. Notice that he does not say at a ratio. At the price of silver in 1878, the market ratio of gold to silver was 1 to 17.66. Mr. Sherman would certainly have favored an international agreement on a ratio very close to the market ratio.

Mr. Sherman holds the same view today. His view is, that if the great commercial nations would agree on a ratio, to be determined after careful consideration, but which certainly would be somewhere between 1 to 25 and 1 to 30, that silver could be admitted to free coinage on equal terms with gold, without danger of depreciation. And The Blade believes the same thing.

No "Surplus" Silver Dollars.

F. J., Martinsburg, Neb., asks: "Will you kindly inform me what the average surplus of silver dollars is in the treasury?"

We do not think there are any silver dollars that come under this head. There are over $337,000,000 of silver certificates in circulation. Each of these represents its face in silver dollars held in the treasury for its redemption. Hence the treasury must hold over $337,000,000 silver dollars for this purpose. Then there are over $157,000,000 of treasury notes of 1890 in circulation. These are redeemable in "coin," and holders can demand silver dollars for them. The Sherman law under which they were issued, authorizes the secretary of the treasury to have silver dollars coined out of the bullion purchased with these to redeem them, if needed. Hence, though there are tons of silver dollars in the treasury, one can hardly say that they are "surplus" dollars.

Silver and Gold.

A. L. H., Standard, Okla., writes: "You say the reason that silver is at par with gold is because you can exchange it for legal tenders and then for gold. Then how will you keep silver dollars at par with gold if they retire the greenbacks and treasury notes of 1890?"

It would require a provision of law similar to that which causes the silver half dollar, quarter and dime, the nickel five cent piece, and the bronze cent, to circulate at an equivalency with gold. The government accepts them at their face value in gold, and redeems them in gold, if asked for. The silver dollar is just as much a token coin as any of these.

Sunday and the Sabbath.

J. P., Bay City, Ore., asks this question: "Was the Sabbath changed from Saturday to Sunday, and, if so, by whom and when?"

We answered this question a few weeks ago to another inquirer. It is a historic fact that the Jewish Sabbath was never changed from Saturday to Sunday. The Jews observe Saturday at the present time and always have done so. Christians, from the apostolic age down, have observed Sunday as the festival of the resurrection of Jesus, because he rose from the dead on Sunday. In the nearly nineteen centuries, the vast mass of Christians have all observed Sunday, save a few sects, very small in number when compared with the entire Christian world.

In reply to our former answer M. W. Rankin, Mich., sends an article maintaining the duty of observing the seventh day. We do not wish to take space with a discussion of the point. Above are given the facts. M. W. asserts that Sunday is the child of the papacy." As a matter of fact, this is not true. The Papacy did not arise until the fourth century. Sunday was celebrated as a festival from apostolic times. Long before the bishop of Rome had claim to primacy on the church. Constantine legalized Sunday as a holiday, to conciliate his Christian subjects, just as state legislatures, within the past 30 years have legalized Memorial day, May 30. Memorial day was observed by strewing the graves of our soldiers with flowers long before any law passed legalizing it as a holiday. The law was passed because of the custom. The observance of the day was not because of the passage of the law. It was the same with Constantine's edict concerning Sunday. He merely gave the authority of law to an observance which had then gone on for at least three centuries.

Velocipedes.

C. M., Washington, Cal.: The velocipede, used to some extent in the '60's, was a two-wheeled vehicle. There have been different attempts to make a one-wheeled machine, but none was ever successful. They all had the seat inside a very large wheel, we think. Your velocipede was undoubtedly two-wheeled.

Alleged Letter of Gen. Grant.

J. S. B., Abilene, Tex., writes thus: "Did President Grant, on October 3, 1873, write to Mr. Cowdry, using the following language:

"'I wonder that silver is not already coming into the market to supply the deficiency in the circulating medium. Experience has proved that it takes about $40,000,000 of fractional currency to make the small change necessary for the transaction of the business of the country. Silver will gradually take the place of this currency; and, further, will become the standard of values, which will be hoarded in a small way. I estimate that this will consume from $200,000,000 to $300,000,000 of this species of our circulating medium. I confess to a desire to see a limited hoarding of money. But I want to see a hoarding of something that is a standard of value the world over. Silver is this. Our mines are now producing almost unlimited amounts of silver, and it is becoming a question, 'What shall we do with it?' I suggest here a solution which will answer for some years, to put it in circulation, keeping it there until it is fixed, and then we will find other markets.'"

We do not know whether the letter is genuine or not, nor does it matter; for it has no bearing upon the present silver question, because the conditions are entirely different from what they were in 1873. We doubt its authenticity, because it betrays too great ignorance of facts. It is dated October 3, 1873, when Grant himself signed the coinage law of that year on the previous February 12. If the writer wonders at the slowness of silver coming into circulation to take the place of the dirty paper fractional currency then in circulation, he expresses the wonder of an ignorant person over a matter whose reason was perfectly clear at that time to every intelligent man. To say that "silver will become the standard of values" at that time was absurd, when gold had been made the legal standard but a few months before. Nor can we imagine Grant saying that silver "is a standard of values the world over," when England had had the single gold standard since 1816, and Germany had adopted gold in 1871, and the United States eight months before. As we said above, the matter is of no moment, for the conditions are entirely different, and we do not doubt it, were Grant President to-day, he would not be a silver man.

Fiat Money.

J. H., Swanton, O., writes: "In the last edition of Webster's Unabridged, 1892, we have this definition of fiat money: 'Irredeemable paper currency, not resting on a specie basis, but deriving its purchasing value from the declaratory fiat of the government producing it.' Is this definition a true one? It is as yet an untried experiment, but it needs a definition."

Webster's definition is a good one, except that it applies only to money which is absolutely fiat money. The phrase is used in a much wider sense in common speech, as when John Dewitt Warner speaks of the present silver dollar as fiat money—meaning that it is intrinsically worth only half its face, and assuming that the other half of its value is purely fiat. This is not strictly true, for the mere fiat of the government could not confer value. The half of the silver dollar is credit money, for it is due to the practical redemption of the silver dollar in gold, as often explained in these columns. A promise to pay a dollar is not fiat money, which is the meaning of the first half of Webster's definition—that it does not rest on a specie basis. A government paper note, whose face declared "This is a dollar," would be fiat money.

A Century Old Bottle.

Mrs. H., Albany, Mo., sends a drawing of a glass bottle made in 1791, which has been in her family 40 years. The American Eagle and 14 stars are blown in the sides. She asks if we can tell her by whom made. We have no idea. The pattern was common in whisky flasks up to the war period. The writer recalls seeing many such in his boyhood. No doubt many different glass factories used the same pattern.

Disposing of a Patent.

W. G. M., Hardy, Neb., asks: "Could you advise me the best method of disposing of a patent? Would it be best to manufacture it or sell it?"

It is impossible to answer the last query without knowing what the article is, and its merits. As a rule, it is better to sell a patent on a really useful article on a royalty. See answer on "Small Patents," in Question Bureau of Weekly Blade of October 17.

Capital Punishment.

C. S. N., Hendrum, Minn., asks "What states in the Union have abolished capital punishment, and were there any increase in crimes?"

The states in the Union in which the death penalty is not allowed are Rhode Island, Maine, Michigan and Wisconsin. We are not apprised of its workings, except in Michigan. There a movement is on foot for the restoration of the death penalty, for the reason that crime trials, with constant other rules will add murder thereto to aid their escape. A notable instance occurred there a few years ago. A man outraged a little girl, and then confessed her so that she could tell on him. He admitted this to be his reason for killing her, and the punishment was no greater for murder than for the other crime.

Miscellaneous.

C. C. B., Stuyvesant, Kan.: No, we do not know.

Subscriber, Sheridan, Ore.: It is impossible to obtain the figures.

T. J. H., Greeley, Colo.: We have tried to find reliable data to answer your query, but so far have been unsuccessful.

H. F. F., Dutch Valley, Tenn.: See answer headed, "Silver as Note Security," in Question Bureau of Weekly Blade of October 17.

C. K., Racine, Wis.: We never heard of the person you mention. He is certainly not a leader in the Republican party, nor do his sentiments agree with those of the vast mass of Ohio Republicans.

——, Toledo, O.: The only national park belonging to the United States is Yellowstone Park—unless you so consider the parks of Washington City. Please send name and address with all questions.

P. E. G., Antoine, Ark.: No $18 bicycle can be relied on for a person of 150 pounds weight. At present no reliable wheel for that weight sells for less than $50 and upward, unless it is second-hand and a second-hand wheel is generally dear at any price.

J. B., Riverton, Iowa: There are three Swedish consuls in the United States—in Boston, Chicago and San Francisco. Write to "J. R. Lingren, vice-consul for Sweden and Norway, Chicago, Ill." Or did you mean the Swedish minister at Washington—Hon. J. A. W. Grip, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary?

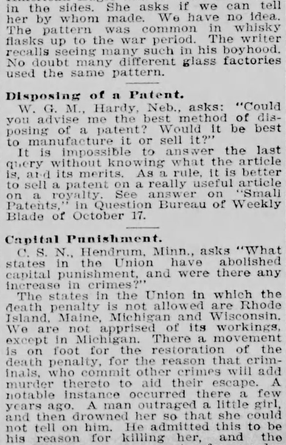
"Anxious," Princeton, Pa.: We published a request for you, asking for the name of the publishers of a book called "West Lynne," but received no response. We never heard of the book. Mrs. Henry Wood, the author of "East Lynne," wrote no sequel to it. If any one knows anything about the book, or where to obtain a copy, please let us know.

Giving Him a Pointer.

He was a lively fellow and fond of her, but it didn't occur to him that a girl expected something else besides going to places and having fun all the time.

"Anything on hand this evening?" he asked, coming breezily in for the sixth time that week.

"Well, no," she replied, hesitatingly, as she looked down at her empty fingers.—Detroit Free Press.



Weak, Tired, Nervous

"I was feeling as miserable as any one could feel, tired all the time, many times unable to go out on the street even after I had started. If I went up one flight of stairs I felt as though I should fall. I had palpitation of the heart and suffered greatly with catarrh of the head and throat. I finally decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and soon felt better. I used the third bottle and I then felt like a different person. I hope others in ill health will do as I did. If you take Hood's Sarsaparilla and use it faithfully I am sure you will be benefited. I have also found Hood's Pills to be of great benefit and I highly recommend them." MISS JESSIE FREMONT, Saddle River, N. J.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye today.

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25c. per box.

RECENT LITERATURE.

Latest Volumes to be Found on The Blade Book Table.

Readers desiring any further information whatever about these volumes will please address the publishers, whose address is given in every case, and not inquire of The Blade. We do not deal in books.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., of New York, have just published the second volume of the "Secret of an Empire Series," which treats of the curious and enigmatical personality of Napoleon III. It is rich in anecdote, and historically is of even greater value than the first volume, which reached its second edition a few weeks after its appearance. The style is very pleasing, and it presents the emperor in a new light to the student of history, that of a character which was unconsciously forced to play a part in the destiny of nations.

From the press of the Arena company, of Boston, comes Over the Old Trail, by Lewis B. France. This is a descriptive sketch, and a story of the early days in the mining camps of Colorado. It takes the reader back some 30 years, or to the days just after the war. The story opens at early morning on Spruce Creek, with Dolly standing in an old, faded pink gown that showed her white throat, her bare feet and trim ankles, and gave a hint of her beautiful form and well rounded limbs, on the threshold of Sandy McLaughlin's cabin on the Western slope. Dolly is Sandy McLaughlin's only daughter, and besides being a pretty girl—the belle of Basset Bar and the surrounding neighborhood—she is a young woman of great independence of mind and character. Among her admirers was Jack Beverly, and though her father did not approve of Beverly she felt some tenderness for him. Another is Jake Bradford, and it is around these three that the interest centers. It is a pleasantly told story, full of incident, and holds the reader to the end.

The Red Badge of Courage is a tale of the Civil War by Stephen Crane, which is brought out by D. Appleton & Co., New York city. The hero of the story is a young man who had dreamed he was a hero, and made for heroic deeds, who went to the war as a raw recruit, and in the midst of a great battle got scared and ran away, but the next day returned and proved a real hero in many a contest. The story is fairly well told, though not at all as a soldier who speaks of experience would tell it, and the author gives too low a conception of the American soldier.

Stories of the Wagner Operas, by Miss H. A. Guerber, is a volume that will be likely to be popular among music lovers. The method she has followed is to describe the legend upon which the particular opera is based, tracing the origin and rise of the conception of the play in Wagner's mind, and recounting the subsequent history of its success or failure as it appeared. Then she carries the reader's imagination through the scenes of the opera as it appears on the stage, quoting at times from the libretto and telling the story in her own words, but always following the trend of the play. She has preserved to a wonderful degree the charm of the mediæval myths, and lovers of the Wagner operas, as well as the general reader, will be delighted to have this free rendering of the legends which have been made famous in opera. The illustrations are taken from photographs of various scenes and characters in Wagner's operas, as acted. The volume is published by Dodd, Mead & Co., of New York city.

Gypsy's Cousin Joy, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, is brought out by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York City. This is an old story in a new dress with a charming introduction by Miss Phelps. The Gypsy books were exceedingly popular in their day, and there is no doubt but a new generation of young people will be equally pleased with them now. The illustrations by Miss Mary Fairman Clark, are very good.

Out of Due Season, by Adeline Sargeant, is a story published by the Appletons in their Town and Country Library. This is a very prettily told tale of life in an English country town, in which love, intrigue and exciting incidents are mingled. This writer has already won a popularity which will make this book welcome.

The Village Witch-Tower, by Kate Douglas Wiggin, is the first of a series of stories told with the author's peculiar charm of manner. They are mirrors, so to speak, of some peculiar phase of character in New England that crime and carry with them an air of naturalness that makes one feel as if among the characters introduced. The volume is brought out in pretty form by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston.

The Marriage of Guenevere, by Richard Hovey, is a tragedy which is presented in dramatic form with many telling passages. The well known characters of the Knights of the Round Table are those who enter into the play, and our interest in them is intensified from page to page. The volume is brought out in pretty form by Stone & Kimball, of Chicago.

Poverty's Factory; The Curse, Cause and Cure of Abnormal Wealth, by Rev. Stanley L. Kribs, M. A., is published by the Arena company, of Boston. A reviewer says of it: The author of this little book holds in common with many eminent thinkers that a few rich men, owing to their abnormal wealth, possess too much power. He places the limit of normal wealth at $500,000, or possibly $1,000,000. And by normal wealth he means the amount that a man starting with little or nothing can possibly amass in a lifetime. Wealth in excess of this he calls abnormal wealth, and charges that it is either directly or indirectly the cause of trampism and extreme poverty, of child labor, of the sweating system, of prostitution, of the estrangement of the masses from the church, of dishonesty and fraud, of the decline of patriotism, and of the breaking down of home life; and he enforces his views by facts that few will care to deny, and by reasons of great weight.

A very valuable book is the one entitled A Guide to Systematic Readings in the Encyclopedia Britannica, by Professor James Baldwin, which is published by The Werner company, of Chicago and New York. This volume makes possible a far greater use of the encyclopedia than ever before, by pointing out to each person how to gain from it with comparative ease what will cover the particular line of work in which he is interested. The first part is designed more particularly for young people, while the second part is especially for students, and the third is devoted to the busy world at large. It cannot fail to be of great assistance in making use of the Britannica, as the work has been evidently well done.

A little book published by A. S. Barnes & Co., of New York, is entitled The Rev. John Henry. The author, Percival H. Benson, has endeavored to show in this little volume how far from the real Christ truth is much that is taught in the pulpit of to-day. There are some very good things in these pages.

The Great Treason Plot in the North, by Col. I. Winslow Ayer, is the story of what he calls the most dangerous, perfidous, extensive and startling plot ever devised. The author is said to be the only man who can from personal knowledge as an officer and eye-witness give the details. Had it succeeded the city of Chicago would have been turned over to pillage and destruction, but fortunately through the heroism of Col. Ayer the plot was exposed and the most dangerous leaders of the company were arrested 48 hours before the time fixed for the uprising. This volume tells the story written and published by the desire of the Grand Army of the Republic. The United States Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.

From the Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago, Ill., comes a very interesting volume entitled Thoughts on Religion by George John Romanez, edited by Charles Gore, M. A., Canon of Westminster. This is a most valuable work, one not perhaps for popular reading, but full of the results of a profound research into the regions of thought and investigation, which will be appreciated by those who have read widely and studied deeply.

A Sherburne Romance, by Amanda M. Douglas, belongs to the Sherburne Series that have been so popular. It is, however, complete in itself, although those who have read the preceding volumes will, no doubt, enjoy this one better. It is very pleasantly written. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York city.

Beautiful Thoughts on Life Eternal is the title of a little book compiled and arranged by Elizabeth Cureton, and published by the Merriam Company, of New York city. As its name indicates it is a collected from various sources, and many things helpful to those who rest in a belief of the life eternal will be found there.

Alternating Electric Currents by Edwin J. Houston, Ph. D., and A. E. Kenelly, is published by the W. J. Johnston Company, of New York. This is the first of a series of ten volumes of an elementary Electro technical series, which are designed to give concise and authoritative information concerning those branches of electro-technical science having a general interest. The subjects to be treated are alternating currents, electric heating, electromagnetism, electricity in electro-therapeutics, arc lighting, incandescent lighting, electric motors, electric street railways, telephony and telegraphy. This first book is primarily designed for the general public, but it should not fail to prove useful to electricians generally and to elementary electro-technical students, and even of interest to engineers, as disproving the prevalent belief that it is impossible to treat of alternating electric currents without the use of higher mathematics. The book is profusely illustrated, printed on paper of a fine quality, and substantially bound in covers of a special design.

FORETELL GOOD AND EVIL.

COMETS PORTEND OMINOUS CHANGES ON THE EARTH.

Many Historical Instances—Napoleon's Career—The American War.

The approach of Faye's periodical comet naturally raises the question to what extent, if any, this earth of ours in influenced by these strange denizens of heaven. That they have some influence has been stoutly maintained by astrologers of all ages.

Albumazar tells us that comets, becoming first visible in Aries signify evil to the countries ruled by that sign, and that drouth will be especially prevalent. Now, the comet of 1870 appeared in Aries, the sign of Germany, and in that year the Franco-German war was begun and several districts in Europe suffered severely from drouth. Donati's comet appeared in 1858, and was followed by the Italian war of 1859. The appearance of the great comet of 1861 coincided with a most destructive conflagration in London, and was immediately followed by the outbreak of the civil war in this country. The assassination of President Lincoln belongs to the same epoch. This comet appeared in Gemini, the sign of the United States and London. The great comet (Comet B) was first seen in Gemini on May 22, 1881, and on July 2 of the same year President Garfield was shot. The same period was noted for its violent storms and hurricanes. Now, the ancient astrologers taught that the appearance of a comet in Gemini always signifies severe tempests and the death of some illustrious man.

Evidences of a like nature abound in history. A comet tenanted the heavens for several months before the birth of the great Napoleon, and another one of vast splendor became visible at the beginning of September, 1811, when he was at the height of his glory. More curious still, it attained its greatest lustre in the latitude of Paris, and it vanished over the latitude of Corsica. When Napoleon was dying a comet appeared again—for the third time in his notable life.

In 1606 a comet appeared in England in the watery sign Scorpio, and soon afterward there was a terrible inundation in Bristol, Somersetshire, Norfolk and the eastern counties. Nostradamus, by the way, predicted this flood in 1555, 50 years before it took place.

Oriental potentates have for centuries been swayed greatly by comets. Timour, when one appeared, consulted Abdullah Lissan, a famous astrologer, and was informed that it presaged the utmost disasters to his enemies and especially to the Ottoman empire. Abdullah predicted thus, seeing that the comet was in the west of Timour's dominions and in the sign Aries. Timour prepared for war, entered the enemies' territory, and utterly overthrew them. In the reign of Selim the Second (1572) there appeared a comet, which had the brightness and magnitude of Venus. This excited the monarch's apprehensions, which were augmented by the predictions of his astrologers, who foretold that this phenomenon announced the calamities which excessive rain would inflict upon the empire. "Forty days afterward," says the historian, "they imagined themselves threatened with a universal deluge; incessant rains overflowed the monarch's dominions in Europe and Asia, laid waste three of his chief cities, swept away men, cattle and houses, and rendered the bridges and public roads impassable for several weeks." Whiston has conjectured that the deluge mentioned in the Bible, was produced by the near approach of a comet to the earth, and he further surmises that the end of the world may be produced by the approach of a comet prodigiously heated in its perihelion. It is interesting to compare his views on the subject with those expressed by M. Flammarion, in his book entitled "La Fin du Monde."

Even the great Charlemagne regarded comets as portents. Seeing one appear a few weeks before his death, he consulted his astronomers, and in reply to his secretary, Eginhard, who urged him not to grow uneasy, he said that he was not dismayed at such signs, but feared the Divine framer of them, who, being incensed with anger against a people or a prince, can point in this way to admonish them of his wrath, and to call them to repentance. Other famous men held similar opinions. Cicero writes that "In the civil war betwen Octavius Augustus and Mark Antony it was observed that comets were the harbingers of the miseries that befell them," and expresses the opinion that "such appearances foretell great events." Pliny writes: "A fearful star this comet is, and not easily expiated, as it appeared by the late civil troubles when Octavius was consul, as also a second time by the intestine war of Pompey and Caesar, and in our days about the time that Claudius Caesar was poisoned and left the empire to Domitius Nero, in the time of whose reign and government there was a blazing comet continually to be seen." Seneca says: "Some comets are very cruel and threaten us with the worst of mischiefs; they bring with them and leave behind them the seeds of blood and slaughter." Socrates, writing of the siege of Constantinople, says: "So great was the danger that hung over the city that it was foretold by a huge blazing comet, that reached from heaven to earth, the like of which no man ever saw before." Anna Commena, the daughter of Emperor Alexius, speaking of a comet that appeared before the invasion of the Gauls, said: "This happened by the usual administration of Providence in such cases, for it is not fit that so great and strange an alteration of things as was brought to pass by that coming of theirs should be without some previous denunciation and admonishment from heaven."

Machiavelli, writing on the same subject, says: "Experience shows that some great commotions are the consequence of such signs as these." Millichius, a noted mathematician, says: "Much experience and observation shows that comets announce great slaughter to the world, such as sacking of cities, subversion of kingdoms and other public disasters." The learned Grotius observes that "Comets and fiery swords and such like signs are won't to be the forerunners of great changes in the world. Raphael tells us that "The great comet in 1680, followed by a lesser one in 1682, was evidently the forerunner of all those remarkable and disastrous events that ended in the revolution of 1688. It also evidently presaged the revocation of the edict of Nantes and the cruel persecution of the Protestants by Louis XIV, which was followed by those terrible wars that with little intermission continued to ravage the finest parts of Europe for nearly twenty-four years." Princess Olive, of Cumberland, says on the same subject: "Comets have been seen to be the forerunners sometimes of especial good, but more often of excessive evil. Thus a comet or blazing star may be presumed to have guided the wise men of the East to Bethlehem, as recorded with solemnity in the New Testament. The downfall of many states has been foreshown by prodigious sights seen in the air. Jerusalem, Egypt, Rome and many other regions declare as much, and indeed all strange and unusual apparitions of this natu e are generally followed by direful effects, such as convulsions of the earth, insurrections, wars and changes of dynasties. A comet appeared just at the time our unfortunate Charles of England was defeated by Cromwell, and in 1819 a comet appeared in the summer previous to the death of the excellent Duke of Kent and of His Majesty, George III."

Many other examples could be given of the popular belief that comets are harbingers of tremendous changes in mundane affairs. This belief is doubtless not as widespread as it was a century ago, but there are still some who cling to the old so-called superstitions, and even the most skeptical must admit that very notable things have happened on earth while comets were blazing in the heavens.

TRUSTING WOMEN.

THEIR CONFIDENCE OFTEN LEADS TO SUFFERING.

An Ohio Woman's Experience, as Here Related, is Interesting to Every American Woman.

[SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.]

It is a very sad fact that the more a woman trusts to the skill of her physician in treating her female complaints, the longer she is apt to suffer.

Lydia E. Pinkham fully realized this fact when she commenced that exhaustive study that has enabled the women of the world to help themselves. She discovered the source of female complaints, and produced the Vegetable Compound, which is their absolute cure.

When such testimony as the following is given, the woman who thinks should act quickly, and no longer permit herself to trust to incompetent doctors. The Vegetable Compound is sold by all druggists, and every woman should have it.

"The doctors had told me that unless I went to the hospital and had an operation performed I could not live. I had falling, enlargement, and ulceration of the womb.

"I was in constant misery all the time; my back ached; I was always tired. It was impossible for me to walk far or stand long at a time. I was surely a wreck. I decided that I would give your Compound and Sanative Wash a trial.

"I took three bottles of *Lydia E. Pinkham's* Vegetable Compound, and used two packages of Sanative Wash, and I am now almost well. I am stouter and healthier than I have ever been in my life. My friends and neighbors and the doctors are surprised at my rapid improvement. I have told them all what I have been taking."—MRS. ANNETTA BICKMEIER, Bellaire, Belmont Co., O.

HIS PETS ARE RATTLESNAKES.

A Little Dakota Girl Who Has a Strange Fondness for Reptiles.

The librarian of Congress recently received from an artist at Hot Springs, S. D., a photograph of Martha McIntyre, an eight-year-old child, who from her infancy has had rattlesnakes for pets. When she was four years old she found a huge rattler coiled up in the yard near her father's house, says the New York Sun, and by some mysterious power was able to come

MARTHA M'INTYRE AND HER SNAKES.

close and take hold of him, which she did apparently without the slightest fear. Every month or so she would find a new snake in the woods near the house, and now she has as many as two dozen, none of which can be induced to leave her. The photograph shows her pets writhing on some grass nailed to two boards, while Martha stands behind them, her hand on one of the reptiles, which is moving from side to side. Some of these snakes are four feet long.

AUTUMN JOKELETS.

Pert Miss (in bloomers)—You stare at me, sir, as though you expected to see me wearing horns!

Innocent Young Man—Yes; I thought you might be the gnu woman.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Brooklyn Trolley.

"Avoid the jug," the fond wife said,
"With danger it is fraught;"
He heeded not. She mourns her dead,
Crushed by the juggernaut.
—New York Recorder.

Used to Chicago River.

Miss Dashgirl—I thought you told me you could swim?

Caddie Fopley—I—cawn. I assuah you, in s—some places, but the water is so deucedly thin here, don't yor know, that it won't hold me up.—Boston Courier.

Autumn.

How like mankind the sylvan scene,
In changeful woods is spread;
We found it juvenile and green,
And now he paints things red.
—Washington Star.

Her Reply.

"What would you do, miss, if I should attempt to give you a kiss?"

"I should certainly set my face against it, sir."—Richmond Dispatch.

No Wheel, No Rights.

The justice looked first at the wheelman and then at the person who had been injured.

"I think I will have to fine the defendant," he said at last. "Every man must be protected in his legal rights on the highway."

"Rights on the highway!" cried the wheelman. "Why, Judge, he hasn't any. He never owned a wheel in his life."—Chicago Post.

Strangers Now.

"This rich relative of yours, is he a distant relative?"

"Yes, extremely distant since he became rich."—Tit Bits.

Comforting.

The old Baroness has had her hair dyed the color of red ochre.

"How do you like me?" she asked, addressing Reyer. "Does it not make me look younger?"

"Yes," the maestro replied, "about a fortnight. I should say."—La vie Parisienne.

Unnecessary to His Business.

Pacific Pete had scraped up acquaintance with the young tenderfoot.

"But how did you lose your left eye?"

"Lose it?" thunderously.

"Y—yes, sir."

"Why, I cut that 'ere eye out so's I wouldn't have ter shet it sightin' a gun!"—Chicago Record.

—If the hair has been made to grow a natural color on bald heads in thousands of cases, by using Hall's Hair Renewer, why will it not in yours?

COLORING A MEERSCHAUM.

HOW TO NURSE THE DELICATE BOWL TO A BEAUTIFUL COLOR.

Smoke It Slowly and Never While the Pipe is Still Hot.

Few smokers of meerschaum pipes are masters of the art of keeping them clean and giving them that beautiful color which makes the meerschaum the favorite of all pipe smokers, says a writer in the New York World. The word meerschaum is a compound of two German words—meer, sea, and schaum, foam. Meerschaum is a mineral clay found in Turkey and Germany.

Pipe dealers will rarely tell about the fine art of coloring and preserving your meerschaum.

The most common complaint about a meerschaum pipe is that it will not color beautifully, even after months of most careful attention. If genuine meerschaum in a pipe does not take on a good color the fault is with the smoker. Ignorance is the general cause of the nasty, muddy discoloration of the fine clay. Another reason why a pipe turns out so badly is that the owner overdoes his smoking in his zeal to get it colored. He smokes it constantly. When one pipeful of tobacco is smoked out he immediately refills the bowl and goes on puffing. When warm from smoking he lays it on the marble mantel to cool off where it will be safe. It is with him night and day, and he smokes it—particularly if he be an Englishman—in the cold street, the warm office and house.

One day perhaps it is found broken in its case and the owner wonders who has been handling it. He does not consider that meerschaum is susceptible to heat and cold, expanding with one and contracting with the other, and that a sudden change from heat to cold or cold to heat may have the most destructive effect upon it and even snap it into many pieces, particularly if it be a most elegantly carved pipe or one with many angles and curves.

Laying it upon a cold marble mantel will often cause it to break from the sudden contraction, and pipes of meerschaum have frequently been known to snap off at the stem and drop from the mouths of smokers when they incautiously rushed from a hot room in winter into the freezing atmosphere of the street.

If you ever made an attempt to color a meerschaum pipe you may have noticed that in your eagerness to paint it a beautiful brown you have filled it again and again immediately after smoking and while it was still hot from the former charge of tobacco. You have noticed, also, that in a short time the pipe is turned and you have destroyed every vestige of hope that it may ever be colored. It will be well for the smoker of a meerschaum to know that the pipe should become cold before smoking for a second time. The reason is easily explained.

In preparing the meerschaum, after the artist has finished cutting the design and has shaped the bowl, the finished pipe is boiled in wax. Wax is used for this purpose because it penetrates the pores and serves to keep the coloring matter in the oil of the tobacco and not the oil of nicotine which is condensed and deposited. This oil, of course, comes from the inside and not from the outer surface of the pipe. The oil of tobacco sinks into the meerschaum, which is of a very fine, porous clay. The oil is stopped by the wax before it is driven out by the heat to the outer surface. If it were not for the wax the coloring matter would pass out by oozing to the surface and get rubbed or drop off, and the pipe could never be colored. No smoker should try to hurry the coloring of a pipe, for the wax will be driven out, and the dry, raw clay will not color properly.

The smoker should also remember that the nearer to the top of the bowl the wax is kept and preserved, the finer and broader will be the coloring. The pipe, therefore, should never be filled to the top. If this fact were more generally known among smokers we would not see so many meerschaum pipes with a dirty brown color at the top, where the oil has been forced out by the great heat of the tobacco.

In smoking the smoker should take long, slow puffs. He should have a care not to handle the pipe with perspiring hands or fingers, as the sweat is injurious to the clay, having acid in it. This perspiration on the pipe while heated will give the surface a mottled appearance which never can be eradicated, and the pipe will be ruined for artistic purposes beyond redemption.

Never cover the pipe with a coat of chamois leather. Chamois skin absorbs the wax, and when the coat is taken from the pipe it is frequently found to be covered with blotches. Remember that the bowl of a meerschaum pipe should never be touched by anything while hot or even while it is warm.

A Question of Atmosphere.

Said a mother one day, very wearily: "I am worn out with responsibility. Everything I do may be the wrong thing for my children; everything I fail to do may hurt them and hinder their development. Sometimes with the poor passionate mother whom Zangwill describes so finely in The Master, I feel inclined to "throw up the position." Not to destroy myself—far from it, but to stop living every hour of the day with my children's welfare as a direct and imperative object; to stop watching every word they say, and every step they take, and every breath they draw. I have very little comfort with my children, yet I love them to distraction."

"Yes," answered a wise old woman, who had placidly played the part of listener to this monologue—"yes, dear, I've noticed that you've had a hard time of it; and certainly the children, poor things, have not an easy one. Children never have an easy time when their parents regard them chiefly as clay to be moulded, as instruments to be played upon. The fortunate children are those who are brought up with a large admixture of wholesome neglect."

"But, dear lady," said the mother, "am I to pass over Harry's quarrels with Ned, and Ned's tale-telling, and Lella's gusts of rage, and her sister's tendency to be late and lazy, as though the four children were admirable in conduct? They ought to be admirable; they've been reproved enough; but they have a happy faculty of forgetting even punishment. I wish I could be a trifle easier and less anxious about their morals and manners."

"I," said the other, "you could only realize that home training is largely a question of absorption, of imitation, of unconscious assimilation, you would have fewer moments of sorrowful uncertainty. Your own general temper, your face, your tones, the pretty gowns you wear, the gay little songs you sing, and the stories you tell at twilight, the tender brooding that is never absent from your loving heart and from your manner, these are the things which educate your children. They resist positive orders, and are sometimes rebellious in their hearts when commands are given brusquely and enforced with sternness, but no child resists the sunshine. Praise is worth more than blame in bringing up our little ones, and reward outweighs penalty."—Harper's Bazar.

—Exposure to cold, damp winds, may result in pneumonia unless the system is kept invigorated with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

In Memory of Her.

Only an hour.
That was gone when her day was done.
Only a star.
That was hid by the rising sun.
Only a song.
Which was made by the rock and rill;
Only a calm,
Which was felt with the "Peace, be still."
But that hour has passed into life,
Which with God will forever abide;
And the star shown all through her night;
Till she turned to the sunnier side.
The song sounded far down the stream,
Where many are plying the oar;
The calm brought sweet peace to her heart,
As she stepped on the heavenly shore.
—Boston Transcript.

The World's Joy and Sorrow.

It is estimated that 3,000 marriages are daily performed throughout the world.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Retention of Urine in Horse.

G. J. R., Montana: In health the urine of the horse is of a deep amber color, and has a strong odor. In diabetis there is an excessive secretion of clear, watery urine. In haematuria the urine has the appearance of blood. As there is, according to your letter, no dribbling of the urine, or straining in urinating, it would seem

Talmage's Sermon.

MULTITUDES TURNED AWAY FROM THE CHURCH DOORS.

"All Heaven Looking On" Was the Subject of the Sermon—God and Angels Looking On.

Washington, Oct. 28.—Those who know that no church in this or foreign countries has been able to hold the audiences that have assembled when it was announced that Dr. Talmage would preach, will not be surprised that vast multitudes attempted in vain to hear his first sermon as pastor in Washington. The subject of his opening sermon at the national capital was: "All Heaven Looking On," the text selected being the famous passage from Hebrews xii. 1: "Seeing we are also compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

In this my opening sermon in the national capital I give you heartiest Christian salutation. I bethink myself of the privilege of standing in this historic church, so long presided over by one of the most remarkable men of the century. There are plenty of good ministers besides Dr. Sunderland, but I do not know of any man except himself with enough brain to have stood successfully and triumphantly forty-three years in this conspicuous pulpit. Long distant may be the day when that gospel chieftain shall put down the silver trumpet with which he has marshaled the hosts of Israel, or sheath the sword with which he struck such mighty blows for God and righteousness. I come to you with the same gospel that he has preached and to join you in all kinds of work for making the world better, and I hope to see you all in your own homes, and have you all come and see me, but don't all come at once; and without any preliminary discourse as to what I propose to do, I begin here and now to cheer you with the thought that all heaven is sympathetically looking on. "Seeing we also are compassed about with so great a crowd of witnesses."

Crossing the Alps by the Mont Cenis Pass, or through the Mont Cenis Tunnel, you are in a few hours set down at Verona, Italy, and in a few minutes begin examining one of the grandest ruins of the world—the amphitheater. The whole building sweeps around you in a circle. You stand in the arena where the combat was once fought or the race run, and on all sides the seats rise, tier above tier, until you, on your forty elevations, or galleries, as I shall see fit to call them, in which sat the senators, the kings, and the twenty-five thousand excited spectators. At the sides of the arena, and under the galleries, are the cages in which the lions and tigers are kept without food, until, frenzied with hunger and thirst, they are let out upon some poor victim, who, with his sword and shield, has come to meet them. I think that Paul himself once stood in such a place, and that it was not only figuratively, but literally, that he had "fought with beasts at Ephesus."

The gala-day has come. From all the world the people are pouring into Verona. Men, women and children, orators and senators, great men and small, thousands upon thousands come, until the first gallery is full, and the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth—all the way up to the twentieth, all the way up to the thirtieth, all the way up to the fortieth. Every place is filled.

Immensity of audience sweeping the great circle. Silence! The time for the contest has come. A Roman official leads forth the victim into the arena. Let him get his sword with firm grip, into the right hand. The twenty-five thousand people sit breathlessly watching. I hear the door at the side of the arena creak open. Out plunges the half-starved lion, his tongue athirst for blood, and, with a roar that brings all the galleries to their feet, he rushes against the sword of the combatant. Do you know how strong a stroke a man will strike when his life depends upon the first thrust of his blade? The wild beast, lame and bleeding, sinks back toward the side of the arena; then, rallying his wasting strength, he comes up with a fatal wound, while the combatant comes in with stroke after stroke, until the monster falls dead at his feet, and the twenty-five thousand people clap their hands and utter a shout that makes the city tremble.

Sometimes the audience came to see a race; sometimes to see gladiators fight each other, until the people, compassionate for the fallen, turned their thumbs up as an appeal that the vanquished be spared; and sometimes the combat was with wild beasts.

To an amphitheatrical audience Paul refers when he says: "We are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

The fact is that every Christian man has a lion to fight. Yours is a bad temper. The gates of the arena have been opened, and the tiger has come out to destroy your soul. It has lacerated you with many a wound. You have been thrown by it time and again, but in the strength of God you have arisen to drive it back. I verily believe you will conquer. I think that the temptation is getting weaker and weaker. You have given it so many wounds that the prospect is that it will die, and you shall be victor through Christ. Courage, brother! Do not let the sands of the arena drink the blood of your soul!

Your lion is the passion for strong drink. You may have contended against it twenty years; but it is strong of body and thirsty of tongue. You have tried to fight it back with broken bottle or empty wineflask. Nay! that is not the weapon. With one horrible roar he will seize thee by the throat and rend thee limb from limb. Take this weapon, sharp and keen—reach up and get it from God's armory; the sword of the Spirit. With that thou mayest drive him back and conquer!

But why specify when every man and woman has a lion to fight. If there be one here who has no besetting sin, let him speak out, for him have I offended. If you have not fought the lion, it is because you have let the lion eat you up. This very moment the contest goes on. The Trojan celebration, where ten thousand gladiators fought, and eleven thousand wild beasts were slain, was not so terrific a struggle as that which at this moment goes on in many a soul. That combat was for the life of the body; this is for the life of the soul. That was with wild beasts from the jungle; this is with the roaring lion of hell.

Men think, when they contend against an evil habit, that they have to fight it all alone. No! They stand in the center of an immense circle of sympathy. Paul had been reciting the names of Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Joseph, Gideon and Barak, and then says: "Being compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

Before I get through, I will show you that you fight in an arena, around which circle, in galleries above each other, all the kindling eyes and all the sympathetic hearts of the ages; and at every victory gained there comes down the thundering applause of a great multitude that no man can number. "Being compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

On the first elevation of the ancient amphitheater, on the day of a celebration, sat Tiberius, or Augustus, or the reigning king. So, in the great arena of spectators that watch our struggles, call in the first divine gallery, as I shall call it, sits our king, one Jesus. On his head are many crowns! The Roman emperor got his place by cold-blooded conquests, but our king hath come to his place by the broken hearts healed, and the tears wiped away, and the souls redeemed. The Roman emperor sat, with folded arms, indifferent as to whether the swordsman or the lion beat; but our king's sympathies are all with us. Nay, unheard-of condescensions! I see him come down from the gallery into the arena to help us in the fight, shouting: "Fear not! I will help thee by the right hand of my power!"

They gave to the men in the arena, in the olden time, food to thicken their blood, so that it would flow slowly, and that for a longer time the people might gloat over the scene. But our king has no pleasure in our wounds, for we are bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, blood of his blood.

In all the anguish of our heart,
The Man of Sorrows bore a part.

Once, in the ancient amphitheater, a lion with one paw caught the combatant's sword, and with the other paw caught his shield. The man took his knife from his girdle and slew the beast. The king, sitting in the gallery, said, "That was not fair; the lion must be slain by the sword. Other lions were turned out, and the poor victim fell. You cry, "Shame! shame!" at such meanness. But the King, in this case, is our brother, and he will see that we have fair play. He will forbid the rushing out of more lions than we can meet; he will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able. Thank God! The King is in the gallery! His eyes are on us. "Blessed are they who put their trust in him!"

I look again, and I see the angelic gallery. There they are: the angel that swung the sword at the gate of Eden, the same that Ezekiel saw upholding the throne of God, and from which I look away, for the splendor is insufferable. Here are the guardian angels. That one watched a patriarch; this one protected a child. That one has ben pulling a soul out of temptation! All these are messengers of light! Those drove the Spanish Armada on the rocks. This turned Sennacherib's living hosts into a heap of one hundred and eighty-five thousand corpses. Those, yonder, chanted the Christmas carol over Bethlehem, until the chant awoke the shepherds. These, at creation, stood in the balcony of heaven and serenaded the new-born world wrapped in swaddling clothes of light. And there, holier and mightier than all, is Michael, the archangel. To command an earthly host gives dignity; but this one is leader of the twenty thousand times ten thousand angels. I thing God gives command to the archangel, and the archangel to the seraphim, until all the lower orders of heaven hear the command, and go forth on the high behest.

Now, bring on your lions! Who can fear? All the spectators in the angelic gallery are our friends." He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone. Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under foot."

Though the arena be crowded with temptations, we shall, with the angelic help, strike them down in the name of our God, and leap on their fallen carcasses! Oh, bending throng of bright, angelic faces, and swift wings, and lightning foot! I hail you, to-day, from the clash and struggle of the arena!

I look again, and I see the gallery of the prophets and the apostles. Who are those mighty ones up yonder? Hosea, and Jeremiah, and Daniel, and Isaiah, and Ezekiel, and Peter, and John, and James. There sits Noah, waiting for all the world to come into the ark; and Moses, waiting till the last Red Sea shall divide; and Jeremiah, waiting for the Jews to return; and John, of the Apocalypse, waiting for the swearing of the angel that Time shall be no longer! Glorious spirits! Ye were howled at by the mob, stoned to death, were split upon! They have been in the fight themselves; and they are all with us. Daniel knows all about lions. Paul fought with beasts at Ephesus.

In the ancient amphitheater, the people got so excited that they would shout from the galleries to the men in the arena: "At it again!" "Forward!" "One more stroke!" "Look out!" "Fall back!" "Huzza! huzza!" So in that gallery, prophetic and apostolic, they cannot keep their peace. Daniel cries out: "Thy God will deliver thee from the mouth of the lions!" David exclaimed: "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved!" Isaiah calls out: "Fear not! I am with thee! Be not dismayed!" Paul exclaims: "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" That throng of prophets and apostles cannot keep still. They make the welkin ring with shouting and hallelujahs.

I look again, and I see the gallery of the martyrs. Who is that? Hugh Latimer, sure enough! He would not apologize for the truth preached; and so he died, the night before, swinging from his bedpost in perfect glee at the thought of emancipation. Who are that army of 6,666? They are the Theban Legion, who died for the faith. Here is a large host in magnificent array—\$84,000—who perished for Christ in the persecutions of Diocletian. Yonder is a family group, Felicitas, of Rome, and her children. While they were dying for the faith she stood encouraging them. One son was whipped to death by thorns; another was flung from a rock; another was beheaded. At last the mother became a martyr. There they are, together—a family group in heaven! Yonder is John Bradford, who said, in the fire, "We shall have a merry supper with the Lord tonight." Yonder is Henry Voes, who exclaimed, as he died, "If I had ten heads, they should all fall off for Christ!" The great throng of the martyrs! They had hot lead poured down their throats; horses were fastened to their hands, and other horses to their feet, and thus they were pulled apart; they had their tongues pulled out by red-hot pincers; they were sewn up in the skins of animals, and then thrown to the dogs; they were daubed with combustibles and set on fire! If all the martyrs' stakes that have been kindled could be set at proper distances they would make the midnight all the world over bright as noonday! And now they sit yonder in the martyrs' gallery. For them the fires of persecution have gone out, the swords are sheathed and the mob hushed. Now they watch us with an all-absorbing sympathy. They know all the pain, all the hardship, all the anguish, all the injustice, all the privation. They cannot keep still. They cry: "Courage! The fire will not consume. The floods cannot drown. The lions cannot devour. Courage! down there in the arena!"

What! are they all looking? This night we answer back the salutation they give, and cry, "Hail! sons and daughters of the fire!"

I look again, and I see another gallery, that of eminent Christians. What strikes me strangely is the mixing in companionship of those who on earth could not agree. There I see Martin Luther, and beside him a Roman Catholic who looked beyond the superstitions of his church and is saved. There is Albert Barnes, and around him the presbytery who tried him for heterodoxy! Yonder is Lyman Beecher, and the church court that denounced him! Stranger than all there is John Calvin and James Arminius! Who could have thought that they would sit so lovingly together. There is George Whitfield, and the bishops who would not let him come into their pulpits because they thought him a fanatic. There are the sweet singers, Toplady, Montgomery, Charles Wesley, Isaac Watts, and Mrs. Sigourney. If heaven had had no music before they went up, they would have started the singing. And there, the band of missionaries: David Abeel, talking of China redeemed; and John Scudder, of India saved; and David Brainard, of the aborigines evangelized; and Mrs. Adoniram Judson, whose prayers for Burmah took heaven by violence! All these Christians are looking into the arena. Our struggle is nothing to theirs. Do we, in Christ's cause, suffer from the cold? They walked Greenland's icy mountains. Do we suffer from the heat? They sweltered in the tropics. Do we get fatigued? They fainted, with none to care for them but cannibals. And as they look from their gallery and see us falter in the presence of the lions, I seem to hear Isaac Watts addressing us in his old hymn, only a little changed:

Must you be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
Or sailed through bloody seas?

Toplady shouts in his old hymn:

Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

While Charles Wesley, the Methodist, breaks forth in his favorite words, a little varied:

A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky!

I look again, and I see the gallery of our departed. Many of those in the other galleries we have heard of, but these we know. Oh! how familiar their faces! They sat at our tables, and we walked to the house of God in company. Have they forgotten us? Those fathers and mothers started us on the road of life. Are they careless as to what becomes of us? And those children; do they look on with stolid indifference as to whether we win or lose this battle for eternity? Nay; I see that child running his hand over your brow and saying, "Father, do not fret;" "Mother, do not worry." They remember the day they left us. They remember the agony of the last farewell. Though years in heaven, they know our faces. They remember our sorrows. They speak our names. They watch us fight for heaven. Nay; I see them rise up and lean over, and wave before us their recognition and encouragement. That gallery is filled full. Vacant are the keeping places for us. After we have slain the lion, they expect the king to call us, saying, "Come up higher!" Between the hot struggles in the arena I wipe the sweat from my brow, and stand on tiptoe, reaching up my right hand to clasp theirs in rapturous handshaking, while their voices come ringing down from the galleries, crying, "Be thou faithful unto death, and you shall have a crown!"

But here I pause, overwhelmed with the majesty and the joy of the scene! Gallery of the king! Gallery of the angels! Gallery of the prophets and apostles! Gallery of martyrs! Gallery of saints! Gallery of friends and kindred! Oh, majestic circles of light and love! Throngs! Throngs! Throngs! How shall we stand and gaze on the universe? Myriads of eyes beaming on us! How shall we ever dare to sin again? How shall we ever be cast down, discouraged again? How shall we ever feel lonely again? With God for us, and angels for us, and prophets and apostles for us, and the great multitude that are for us, and our glorified kindred for us—shall we give up the fight and die? No! Son of God, who didst die to save us. No! ye angels, whose wings are spread forth to shelter us. No! ye prophets and apostles, whose warnings startle us. No! ye loved ones, whose arms are outstretched to receive us. No! we will never surrender! Sure I must fight if I would reign—

Be faithful to my Lord;
And bear the cross, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy Word.

Thy saints in all their glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

When the illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

My hearers! shall we die in the arena, or rise to join our friends in the gallery? Through Christ we may come off more than conquerors. A soldier dying in the hospital, rose up in bed the last moment and cried: "Here! Here!" His attendants put him back on his pillow, and asked him why he shouted "Here!" "Oh! I heard the roll call of heaven, and I was only answering to my name!" I wonder whether, after this battle of life is over, our names will be called in the muster roll of the pardoned and glorified, and with the joy of heaven breaking upon our souls, we shall cry, "Here! Here!"

trust him

You want **Scott's Emulsion.** If you ask your druggist for it *and get it*—you can trust that man. But if he offers you "something just as good," he will do the same when your doctor writes a prescription for which he wants to get a special effect — play the game of life and death for the sake of a penny or two more profit. *You can't trust that man.* Get what you ask for, and pay for, whether it is Scott's Emulsion or anything else.

Scott & Bowne, Chemists, New York. 50c. and \$1.00

NOT A SICK DAY

For Over Thirty Years!

RESULT OF USING

AYER'S PILLS

"Ayer's Cathartic Pills for over thirty years have kept me in good health, never having had a sick day in all that time. Before I was twenty I suffered almost continually—as a result of constipation—from dyspepsia, headaches, neuralgia, or boils and other eruptive diseases. When I became convinced

that nine-tenths of my troubles were caused by constipation, I began the use of Ayer's Pills, with the most satisfactory results, never having a single attack that did not readily yield to this remedy. My wife, who had been an invalid for years, also began to use Ayer's Pills, and her health was quickly restored. With my children I had noticed that nearly all their ailments were preceded by constipation, and I soon had the pleasure of knowing that with children as with parents, Ayer's Pills, if taken in season, avert all danger of sickness."—H. WETTSTEIN, Byron, Ill.

AYER'S PILLS

Highest Honors at World's Fair.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla Strengthens the System.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Onec more the genial candidate,
Both gracious and astute,
Puts up his campaign promises
In packages to suit.
—Washington Star.

"With all her wealth, Miss Cashroll is a true American at heart."

"Yes. She told me not long since that if she didn't catch a prince she would die single."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Do you think you can make a good portrait of me?"

"I'm afraid I must answer you in the negative."—Pick Me Up.

"No, Willie, dear," said mamma, "no more cakes to-night. Don't you know you cannot sleep on a full stomach?"

"Well," replied Willie, "I can sleep on my back."—Harper's Round Table.

"Didn't you think that the soprano sang "The Mistakes of My Life Have Been Many" with a good deal of feeling this morning?"

"There is no reason why she shouldn't; she's been married three times."—Truth.

Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt is three inches taller than her duke. The duke played for the long green and won.—Exchange.

"Last night I dreamed that I died. What do you suppose waked me up?"

"Was it the heat?"—Life.

Make Yourself Strong

If you would resist pneumonia, bronchitis, typhoid fever, and persistent coughs and colds. These ills attack the weak and run down system. They can find no foothold where the blood is kept pure, rich and full of vitality, the appetite good and digestion vigorous, with Hood's Sarsaparilla, the one true blood purifier.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache.

Mortuary Statistics Out West.

Tenderfoot—You have a salubrious climate here, I believe?

Woolywest—Tol'able, for some folks.

Tenderfoot—What are the most frequent causes of death according to statistics?

Woolywest—W'al, six-shooters. I reckon. Little knifin' and some Winchesters, but they ain't nothin', after all, that gits around the six-shooters in a pinch.—Chicago Record.

Jingo Extremities.

Dick—Living pictures are very patriotic, aren't they?

Amy—I don't know. What do you mean?

Dick—They are all so obviously fond of their native state.—Truth.

Yearning.

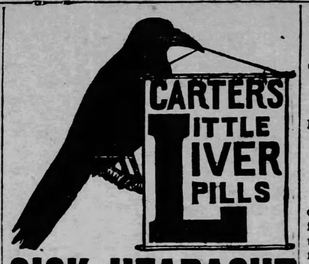
We wish we were a woman and could become delirously happy by putting on our best clothes and having our hats at millinery openings.—Atchison Globe.

FREE TO SUFFERING WOMEN.

I suffered for years with uterine troubles, painful periods, leucorrhea, displacements, and other irregularities, and finally found a simple, safe home treatment, that cured me without the aid of medical attendance. This is no quack doctor's medicine; but nature's own remedy for women. It costs nothing to convince yourself of its merits, for I send it free with full instructions to every suffering woman. Address,

MRS. L. HUDNUT, South Bend, Ind.

READ MY STORY.



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

RICHELIEU'S TOMB.

The Cardinal's Features Recognizable Many Years After His Death.

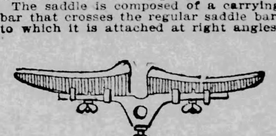
Cardinal Richelieu's tomb is in the Church of the Sorbonne, which he built while he was developing that ancient college into the chief seat of the University of Paris. Somehow it escaped the profanations of the revolution. M. Nenot, who is in charge, and who is the architect of the immense new buildings, noticed in one of his recent rounds of inspection that the stones of the tomb were gradually coming apart. Before ordering the necessary repairs, he wished to make sure that the coffin enclosed was still in proper condition. The cover was unfastened and raised in the presence of the four persons mentioned. To their surprise it was not a skeleton, nor even a dried up mummy, which met their sight. The interior of the great coffin was arranged as a bed of state, on which reposed a lean figure as of one asleep, with all the features still recognizable. The locks of hair about the yellow temples, the arched nose from which the parchment-like skin had not fallen, the twirled mustache, all were exactly as they were painted at the time by Phillippe de Champaigne in the three portraits of the national gallery of London. One of the witnesses remarked that a child would have known the face from its resemblance to the pictures in the class books of history. The wide lace collar from which the head emerges has been yellowed by the 253 years which have passed since it was placed on the corpse. The long point of the goattee which we associate with Richelieu's face was also cut square off. M. Honataux's erudition was competent to explain this. He remembered that, in the accounts of his last illness, it is stated that the cardinal complained that syrups and tisanes which were then the chief remedies in medical use ran down on his beard, which he asked to have clipped for the sake of tidiness. Here was fantastic evidence of the obedience shown him to the end. Forty-one years ago the coffin of Bossuet, in his cathedral at Meaux, was opened in like manner. On that occasion the spectators had an extra sensation. The grand head of the great bishop and orator appeared for a moment with almost life-like reality, and then, before the eyes of the few present, fell away into dust.—Paris Cor. N. Y. Evening Post.

NEW BICYCLE SEATS.

A Genuine Innovation in Cycle Saddle Construction.

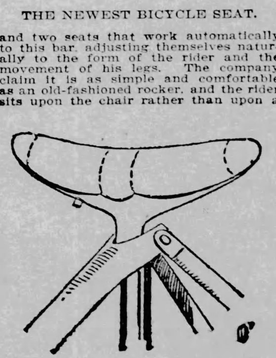
A cycle seat built on an entirely new principle is being placed on the market. It is known as the automatic, because it is said to adjust itself to the movements of the rider's legs.

The saddle is composed of a carrying bar that crosses the regular saddle bar, to which it is attached at right angles,



THE NEWEST BICYCLE SEAT.

and two seats that work automatically to this bar, adjusting themselves naturally to the form of the rider and the movement of his legs. The company claim it is a simple and comfortable as an old-fashioned rocker, and the rider sits upon the chair rather than upon a



THE PNEUMATIC BICYCLE SEAT.

rail. It is constructed of wood, finished with rubber enamel.

Another seat built on the same idea is also shown, known as the pneumatic, as it it inflated and makes a comfortable cushion seat.

Pink gums and mouth and dazzling teeth
And breath of balm and lips of rose,
Are found not in this world beneath
With young or old, save only those
Who ever wisely, while they may,
Use SOZODONT by night and day.

SCOTTISH "BULLS."

They Bear a Likeness to the Irish Article.

Scottish bulls are sometimes quite as rich as those of genuine Irish origin. Here are a few specimens: Two Scotchmen were discussing the relative merits of churchyards and cemeteries, when one of them boldly expressed his aversion to the latter in this manner: "I'd rather no dee ava (at all) than be buried in such a place." To which his companion retorted: "Weel, if I'm spared in life and health, I'll gang nae where else." A minister in Arran is said to have made the following announcement from his pulpit: "My friends, there will be no Lord's day here next Sabbath; it's the sacrament over at Kilmonry, and I'll be there." A Paisley gentleman in discussing the right of women to practice medicine, in a letter to a newspaper of his place, asked this pointed question: "Why should not women be freely allowed to become medical men?" A Scotch lady was speaking strongly to a gentleman against smoking, which, she said, must be very bad for the health. "I don't know," said her friend. "There's my father, who smokes every day, and he is now 70 years old." "Well," she said, "if he had never smoked he might have been \$0." At a benefit in Edinburgh, many years ago, the play bill stated that the evening's entertainment would finish with an interlude. A Presbyterian minister, performing public worship in a church at Edinburgh, once used the expression in prayer: "Lord have mercy upon all fools and idiots, and particularly upon the town council of Edinburgh."—Buffalo Commercial.

A Prediction.

"I see that they've nominated Coxey fur governor of Ohio," said one ex-Commonwealer.

"Yes," replied another; "but we won't have no such walk-over as we had last summer."—Washington Star.

Stolen Sweets Are Best.

Without her leave he stole a kiss,
He did. Oh, bliss!
A sharp command was promptly his,
"Just put that back, I tell you this,
Where it belongs," spoke haughty miss.
He did. Oh, bliss!
—Wheeling Corner Stone.

NAPOLEON SAT IN THIS CHAIR.

ONE OF THE GREAT FRENCH EMPEROR'S SEVEN THRONES

Now On Its Way to San Francisco for a Museum—Hidden Away for Years.

It is recorded of Napoleon III. that he once remarked that a throne was nothing but a pile of lumber with gorgeous trappings. Those who have a penchant for attributing to the utterances of great men meanings other than those conveyed in their words say his idea was that a throne requires something more than royal vestments to maintain it. Whatever Napoleon thought of thrones it is not hard to believe that he was fond of them.

He had seven scattered around in different parts of France, so that wherever he was he would be within easy reach of one, and would thus be enabled to appear in the dignity of state with all its pomp before his subjects, and, notwithstanding these seven, it is believed of him that he had an abnormal ambition to gather unto himself more—even though they were the thrones of other rulers.

One of these seven thrones—or, to be more correct, the chair which formed the greater part of the throne—is now in this country, says the New York Herald. Far from the land of its creation, it is securely packed away, and in a freight car is making the long journey to San Francisco. There it will go into a museum filled with other antiquities, never again to have the honor of resting a real live Emperor.

After the close of the California State Midwinter International Exhibition, which was held in San Francisco, a permanent museum, as a memorial of the exposition, was established. Michael H. de Young, who was president of the exposition, undertook the task of obtaining curios for the museum. The Napoleonic fever being at its height, he secured many relics of the Emperor, among them the medals exhibited at the World's Fair.

Needing rest after his arduous labors of the winter, Mr. de Young went to Europe, and in Paris he struck a veritable mine of good things in the way of curios. But most of all he prizes this chair, as to the genuineness of which he was satisfied by Bernard Franck, the well known French expert on all matters pertaining to the late Empire.

As far as can be learned it was the chair which graced the Chateau St. Cloud, or that was at Compiegne. As the story runs, it was taken away dur-

THIS IS NAPOLEON'S CHAIR.

ing the Franco-Prussian war, just before the appearance of the Prussians, by a patriotic Frenchman, who was determined that the chair in which the Emperor had seated himself should never be desecrated by falling into the hands of the foes of France. To insure its safety he stored it away in the cellar of his house, and in the consequent turmoil and excitement he forgot all about it.

It was not until after his death, a few years ago, that his relatives, in searching the house, found the chair. Hidden away among what might be termed rubbish for nearly a quarter of a century, it was badly worm-eaten and otherwise soiled; but the family made inquiries, learned the value of the discovery, and, having no use for a throne of their own, sold it to a dealer in antiquities for a nice little sum. The dealer had it reproduced faithfully, put it in his window, and there it was when Mr. de Young found it.

It stands about three and one-half feet high, the framework being of carved oak, with heavy gilding after the fashion of the day. The back shows a circular wreath of oak leaves in the wood, being about two feet in diameter. The center is upholstered in rich crimson velvet, handsomely embroidered with heavy gold thread, with a big N standing out in prominent relief.

The seat is of the same crimson velvet, with gold thread embroidery, and on each side, on top of the arm rests, is a heavy globe of satin wood, on which probably Napoleon often rested his hands while listening to the artful flattery of his courtiers. On the wood of the seat, at the back of the chair, is engraved the name of the maker, which is taken as a strong proof of the chair's genuineness. Mr. De Young, however, was careful to get the advice of several experts before purchasing.

It came across the sea in the same steamer that carried him, was carefully packed under his eye, and he saw it safely stored away in the car which will soon land it on the Pacific coast, where it will gladden the eyes of curio loving San Franciscans.

Are You Low-Spirited?

Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Worry is worse than work—makes a man sick quicker. Worry comes largely from nervousness. Horsford's Acid Phosphate clears the brain and strengthens the nerves.

SMILES FROM PUCK.

Knew Its Dangers.

Lady of the House—Are you familiar with all kinds of work?

Weary Willy—Yes, mum; I'm onto it.

A Lively Morning.

Teacher—What excuse have you for being late?

Truthful James—Me watch was stole by a highwayman; and it took me half an hour ter kill him an' git it back!

A Kentucky Pleasantry.

In the sunny South where blue-grass grows,
A paradox is born;
The corn is full of kernels and
The colonels full of corn.

Too Early.

Though she is all the world to me,
I have not once as yet caressed,
Because my world has not beyond
The glacial period progressed.

Not So Simple.

It takes nine tailors to make a man,
But the world has not yet learned
How many are in the construction
Of the tailor-made girl concerned.

He Knew.

The Editor's Little Boy—Pop says there was a donation party up at your house last night; what's that?

The Minister's Little Boy—Why, that's when folks come to your house and bring pie and cake, and eat it all up, and then go home again!

Over-Exertion.

He—I understand that Cholly had a severe attack of nervous prostration when he was in Paris.

She—How did that happen?

He—He was trying to speak French with an English accent.

No Cause for Alarm.

Her Father (appearing suddenly over the wall)—Ah! young man, it's you, eh? Did my daughter promise to meet you here?

The Young Man (scared into telling the truth)—Y-e-e-s, sir. She promised to meet me here a quarter of an hour ago; but—but—I haven't—seen—anything—of her.

Her Father (angrily)—That's just like a woman, for all the world! They have no respect for an engagement, whatever. You just stand here, and I'll go back to the house and find her.

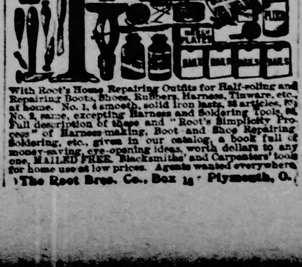
As Between the Two.

He—I don't think there is anything much finer than to have a beautiful yacht.

She—I'm surprised at you. Haven't you considered a beautiful wife?

He—Oh, yes; but I mean on the ground of economy.—Harper's Bazar.

DO IT YOURSELF!



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OCTOBER.

A maze of leaves in a rich mosaic,
Brown and yellow and flaming red,
Where the winds go by in the depths archaic,
And bright through the branches overhead.
Like a fair white hand at a window-shutter
The sunlight under the leaf shades peeps,
Now here, now there, with its changing flutter,
While under the old earth sleeps and sleeps.

A fringe of gray and a sweep of yellow,
Crimson streaks and a belt of brown,
Mingled in with the sunshine mellow
And sun-tinged leaves soft floating down.
While the gleam of the shining pebbles
And green the moss on the banks beside,
As down the shallows the buoyant bubbles
Into the cool wood-shadows slide.

Deep in the heart of the woods lies glowing
The gathered life of a thousand noons,
And echoes faint through the trees are blowing,
As mystic Aeolus plays his tunes;
And the passing step of the wind-god rouses
The dreaming leaves as he hurries by,
While the sunshine droops and the still air drowses
Under the purpling autumn sky.

Fleecy clouds by the winds swept over,
And a vague, faint scent all sharp and sweet,
Like the mingled smell of thyme and clover
Bruised by the summer's flying feet.
Ashes, fires and dying embers,
A waste of gold and a vault of flame,
And the frail, gray ghosts of the lost Septembers
Vanishing, fading, past reclaim.
—Ernest McGaffey.

MONOGRAMS.

For My Lady's Glove, Handkerchief and Traveling Cases.

Monograms on children's clothes, if they attend school, are an absolute necessity. Those intended for their use should be worked in separate initials of a design not too elaborate to be readily distinguishable. For the hat they may be made on a strip of satin ribbon and sewed to the lining. On the coat they should be placed at the back about an inch below the neck band. In this case it is better to work the full name and address, in the event of the child losing his way, of accident or other emergency.

A small monogram should also be worked on the extreme upper edge of gloves or mittens.

Monograms for glove, handkerchief and traveling cases may present all the hues of the rainbow, provided rich backgrounds of plush or velvet be used.

Flower patterns are not now so popular for this kind of work as formerly, being superseded to a marked degree by conventional designs. Rope and etching silks are better adapted for monograms on plush, while the finer embroidery silks may be used on material of lighter weight.

All people who are too busy or too lazy to spend the necessary time in embroidering the various pieces of personal and household linen will find it a convenience to use the woven initials which are sold at nearly all stores for a few cents a gross.

These come in various designs, the plain script and old English being most used. They can also be obtained in different sizes, and for a few additional cents the whole name will be woven to order.

For persons traveling or those who for any reason have their laundry work done outside, this will be found a great advantage. In a family where more than one member can claim the same initial, two should be put on the individual clothing.

MONEY IN GINSENG.

Its Only Market is in China, Where It is Prized.

"There's a pile of stuff that is worth a good deal of money, though it does not look so, does it?" said a well-known down-town fur dealer the other day. As he spoke he pointed to a heap of dry, yellowish roots which lay in the middle of the floor among the piles of skins. They were odd-looking things, somewhat the shape of carrots, and varying in length from four to about nine inches long.

"That is ginseng," he explained, "and we sell it as fast as we can get it in. No, it doesn't come from any particular place, but seems to grow in certain scattered districts. We get much of it from the Southern states, but that is not so good as the Northern variety. Vermont has sent us considerable quantities.

"The queer thing about it is that our only customers for it are Chinese, and the greater part is shipped immediately to China. It grows over there, too, but not in abundance, and they say that it would almost bring its weight in gold at Pekin before the American root was introduced. The Chinese ascribe all sorts of virtues to it as a medicine, and I believe they think that it will cure almost every known ill. But I guess its wonderful qualities are purely imaginary, for I never heard that any one else had discovered them. You may judge for yourself how anxious the Chinese are to get the root by the price they are willing to pay. At present it costs \$3.75 a pound, and by lifting some of those pieces you will see that it does not take very much to weigh that. It makes a difference when it is dug, though; the root is heavier and more solid than that which comes in the spring."—New York Tribune

Hints for Making Up a Bed.

At Aunty's in the mountains help is hard to get, and Auntie and her daughters make their own beds, and do much of the housework outside of the kitchen. Do you know how to make a bed? It looks very easy, but there is an art in doing it well.

In the first place you must thoroughly air your bed every day. Pull the bedclothes apart, set the matress on end, if it is in two pieces so that you can manage it, and open the windows widely. Leave bed and bedding this way exposed to air and sunlight for at least an hour. Then spread your under sheet smoothly on the matiress, tucking it well in at the top. Similarly tuck the upper sheet in with great care at the bottom of the bed, so that it will not work loose and leave the feet of a restless sleeper exposed. Be sure in laying your blankets that the open end of them is at the top of the bed. A person often requires a second thickness of clothes before morning, and can arrange it as he wishes if the closed end of the blanket is at the bottom of the bed.

Now comes your dainty upper spread, to be folded up and laid aside at night, your bolster and your pillows. I would enjoy sleeping in a bed made by one of my girls if she followed these directions.—Harper's Round Table.

For Bronchial, Asthmatic and Pulmonary Complaints, "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" have remarkable curative properties. SOLD ONLY IN BOXES.

IN FOREIGN CLIMES.

In 1867 the coffee trees of Ceylon were attacked with a blighting disease; it spread rapidly, and now the coffee crop of that island no longer influences the market. In 1879 the same disease appeared in Java, and in 1880 alone caused a loss of \$40,000,000. Until lately the Brazilian plantations seemed to be exempt, but at last the calamity has spread there also, and in another generation coffee may be a luxury, indeed.

The Paris Journal pour Tous professes to know that an American nabob, who is also a nimrod, has armed his gamekeepers with photographic cameras. When a poacher is sighted a snap-shot is taken at him; then the keepers catch him if they can, and in case of a capture the photograph in evidence which seals the poor fellow's doom.

As has often been reported by reliable eye-witnesses, the howling and dancing dervishes and certain Mahometan sects, when in a state of ecstatic frenzy, walk on and handle red-hot iron, pierce their flesh with swords or lances, swallow nails, glass, scorpions, poisonous snakes, etc., without apparent pain or injury. This insensibility to pain says the Neue Blatt, is due to hypnotism.

One Guyot, called in for twenty-eight days' military service at Lyons, France, begged for a reprieve on account of his wife's serious illness and because she needed his care. The petition was refused, and thereupon man and wife committed suicide by taking strychnine.

The Camp Fire.

Contributions are solicited from old soldiers of the civil war for this department. We don't want discussions, but want brief, lively sketches and personal reminiscences of army life; all such are welcome.

War Trophies Restored.

Dr. D P. Chamberlin, of this city, was a surgeon in the war, and came into possession of the effects of a Confederate surgeon. Wishing to return them to the original owner, Dr. Chamberlin wrote to several points in the South for information. A letter to the Montgomery, Ala., Advertiser was published by that paper, resulting in the finding of the family. The Advertiser of October 19 says:

Recently the Advertiser printed a card from Dr. D. P. Chamberlin, of Toledo, O., seeking the whereabouts of Dr. B. G. Moore, assistant surgeon of the Sixth Alabama Regiment in the Confederate army.

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1895.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

Entered at the Postoffice at Toledo as Second-Class Mail Matter.

CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 101,000

THE BLADE'S MAP OFFER.

The Rand-McNally Co. are considered the greatest map publishers in the world, for the reason that their publications are the most complete, and reach the highest degree of accuracy. This firm is now engaged in publishing a new atlas of the world, the most complete work ever attempted. This atlas is published in ten parts, of sixteen pages each. It contains colored plates of every country on the globe, maps of each state by counties, and complete maps by streets of the leading cities of the world. With these maps are marginal notes, containing just what one wants to know.

Now, The Blade wants its readers to have these maps at the lowest possible cost. By an arrangement with the Rand-McNally Co., we are now prepared to furnish these excellent maps to our subscribers at 10 cents for each part or one dollar for the entire set. An inspection is all that is necessary, for the maps speak for themselves. Blade subscribers can now secure this work, and it is a valuable one, at a very low price. Read the advertisement on the fifth page of this paper, and then send in your order at once.

TO OHIO VOTERS.

There are several things that the voters of Ohio should remember in considering the Senatorial claims of Mr. Brice. Here are a few of them:

He has utterly neglected and ignored the interests of Ohio in his Senatorial career of four years, paying no attention to the local measures which were sent him for his attention.

He has been absent more than half of the time, as is shown by the official record of roll calls, to nearly five hundred of which he failed to answer.

He sat silent in the Senate when the soldiers of Ohio were under fire from the Pension office, and did not say a word in their defense, although urged to do so by Senator Cullom, in a speech published in The Blade weeks ago.

He failed to pass more than two of the great number of pension bills or other measures in behalf of the old soldiers which were sent him.

He neglected the local bills for public buildings or other improvements which the people of Ohio cities sent him, failing to get a report from the committee, or action by the Senate, on them.

He neglected his opportunity as a member of the Pension committee, as all but two of his bills for Ohio pensioners were not acted on, to the very end of Congress.

He neglected his opportunity in regard to Ohio public buildings, and although a member of the committee on public buildings and grounds, not one of his public building bills for Ohio got action.

He omitted to take the floor in behalf of Ohio measures, yet was perfectly able and willing to speak upon a bill to build a railroad bridge in Arkansas, and passed it, although he allowed practically all the bills sent him from Ohio to die from inattention.

He professed a disinclination to talk upon the bills which his constituents sent him, yet he was ready every time to speak for the railroads, and fought to get the Senate to pay the Southern Pacific road about two million dollars, although that company owes the government enormous sums, which it declines to pay.

He was able to speak for railroads and other interests of this sort every time, but the bills for Ohio people and Ohio improvements remained day after day and year after year without any word spoken in public in their behalf, by him.

He fought the bill to compel the railroads to adopt devices for the protection of the men in their employ, although he knew that thousands of lives were lost every year from this lack in the equipment of the railroads of the country.

He could spend $50,000 a year, according to a Democratic authority, in entertaining in Washington, but would not consent to spend the money necessary to so equip railroads as to save human lives.

He permitted his road, the Lake Erie & Western, to violate the law requiring the adoption of safety devices to prevent danger to human life, reporting twelve days after the date for compliance with the act, that about 1,500 of his cars were still without the proper equipment.

He was denounced by the leading Democratic papers of the country, in his former race for the Senate, as a "boodler" and a deliberate buyer, directly or indirectly, of votes.

He favored reducing the duty on iron ore, although the iron mining industry of Ohio was prosperous under protection, and likely to be the reverse under the trebling of foreign importations of ore.

The New York World, the leading Democratic newspaper of the country, said on January 8, 1890:

It shall be evident that the only way to prevent the consummation of the sale of the Ohio senatorship of Calvin S. Brice is for honest and true Democrats to refuse to vote for him, it is to be hoped that there will be men enough found to save the party from disgrace and injury.

The same issue is now before the voters of Ohio, and they should follow the advice given by the World nearly six years ago.

The national Republican committee will meet in Washington in December to fix a time and place for holding the national convention. Let Cincinnati or Cleveland now go in and win.

Is Editor Dana playing a cute game to knock Chicago out of the fight for the next Republican national convention?

SUNDAY SALOONS IN NEW YORK.

The tremendous hullabaloo raised in New York city over the Sunday saloon, by the Tammany Democrats and liquor element, has a tendency to obscure the real question, and the circumstances under which the agitation began. The excise law, one provision of which requires that the saloons shall be closed on Sunday, is not a new law, nor a law recently enacted. That provision in some form, has been embodied in the laws of New York ever since it was a colony of England.

The present outcry is against the enforcement of laws the fundamental principle of which has been recognized from the foundation of the government; laws which, with the merest and most unimportant changes in phraseology, have always been in some form upon the statute book; laws which were so generally recognized as being "in the interest of labor and morality" that no political party, nor any faction of a party, nor even any organization of business interests which might be unfvorably affected by them, has ever had the hardihood to ask for their repeal. The Sunday laws have behind them the sanction of immemorial usage. They contain nothing new or novel. And they have always been enforced. There is nothing new or novel or revolutionary in their enforcement. There is not a police court record for any Monday since the courts were established that does not contain abundant proof that the Sunday laws have been enforced. Everybody knows that.

But the reader may well ask, why then all this hullabaloo? Merely because an honest and efficient Police commission in New York city this year, for the first time in the long years that Tammany Democratic rule has cursed New York city, has compelled an equal and impartial enforcement of the Sunday laws in the same measure and by the same methods that all other laws are enforced. Let it be kept constantly in mind that the starting point of the whole agitation was just there, and that it meant in plain terms immunity for certain classes of lawbreakers. Talk as much as they may about bigotry and blue laws and infringement of personal liberty, the kernel of the whole business is in that small nutshell, that a certain class of citizens who possessed political influence and power demanded the privilege of violating specific statute laws. It was when they found that the Reform administration of the city actually means reform; and that reform must begin with the strict enforcement of all laws, that the howl began.

The issue in New York city is this: The reform administration opposes the granting of special privileges to saloonkeepers, distilleries and brewers on the day which from time immemorial has been set apart as the day of weekly rest in the interest of labor and morality. It favors the maintenance of Sunday laws. It meets squarely and openly those who demand their abrogation, and upon that issue it cheerfully and confidently makes its appeal to the people. It will be a shame and a disgrace to the city of New York if Tammany is not downed again. And in the demonstration already made that the saloons of a great city can be closed on Sunday, and that the people will support the enforcement of the law to that effect, will be, for the whole country, an added weapon placed in the hands of those who are endeavoring to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

OUR ANSWER TO "COIN."

We have just printed, as an extra, the series of articles discussing "Coin's Financial School," which appeared in The Blade recently. The "Nasby Letters" on silver and flat money are also included. It is a four-page sheet, the size of The Blade's pages. We will send two copies to any address for 5 cents, or in larger lots at $1 per hundred. Address "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

THAT "ULTIMATUM."

The famous dispatch of Secretary Olney to Ambassador Bayard anent the Venezuelan matter now turns out to have been an extremely mild document, which has been treated with contemptuous silence by the British government. Rumor in Washington diplomatic circles is to the effect that Sir Julian Pauncefote advised his government that the dispatch was sent for political effect on the pending elections, and means nothing.

The dispatch was sent on August 3—two months and a half ago. Lord Salisbury has vouchsafed no reply, but the arrogant demand in Venezuela for damages consequent on the Uruan incident may be taken as the answer. Great Britain proposes, if possible, to steal territory from Venezuela to which she has no shadow of right, and tacitly dares us to interfere.

What is our government doing in the face of this decided snub? Mr. Stealey, the well-informed Washington correspondent of the Louisville Courier-Journal, says the Venezuela matter is not worrying the President and his official advisers to any great extent. Indeed, so far as can be ascertained, they are but little concerned and the opinion prevails in administration circles that the matter will right itself without any unpleasantness transpiring between this country and England. This is as much as to say that the administration proposes to do nothing. A dispute of that character does not right itself.

Washington gossip has it that Cleveland proposes to play on the voters of the country through a bit of bluff. It is thought that by the time Congress meets affairs may assume a shape to cause Mr. Cleveland to send in a ringing Monroe doctrine message, vigorous and even jingoish in its tone. A perhaps shrewder conjecture, and one altogether more likely, is that he will hold off his hands from foreign complications until next spring and then explode a number of jingo bombs that will have the effect of again renominating him for President. This may be in the Venezuelan matter, or the Cuban struggle, or both; but the impression of those best qualified to judge is that Cleveland will do absolutely nothing in either case except on paper, and for political bluff. Fortunately, it is only a year until the American people have an opportunity to record at their polls their opinion of Cleveland and of the party of which he is the head.

Senator Hill was not properly coached. At Lima he said, speaking of the Democratic state convention at Springfield:

The convention didn't parcel out the Senatorship, but left that to the judgment of the next legislature. I know that Democrats all over the state are looking for and wanting the return of your distinguished citizen, but that remains for the legislature.

There was no applause, and Mr. Hill perhaps realized he had said enough—perhaps too much. He had not been in Ohio long enough to discover how unpopular Mr. Brice really is, even among Democrats.

ONE YEAR OF THE NEW TARIFF.

With the end of August, the Wilson-Gorman tariff law finished its first year. The publication of the official bulletin of statistics by the Treasury department enables us to compile a statement which shows the total value of our foreign trade for the first twelvemonth of the operations of the new law. Here are the monthly figures:

	Imports.	Exports.
September, 1894.....	$ 50,647,934	$ 57,811,037
October	59,621,658	82,479,128
November	50,561,295	78,877,583
December	62,134,934	83,664,890
January, 1895	67,539,986	80,318,908
February	58,326,526	65,011,526
March	69,291,533	63,617,390
April	68,575,755	63,957,026
May	66,023,744	62,729,553
June	61,655,475	53,743,384
July	73,059,128	65,154,366
August	71,105,693	54,819,827
Totals	$758,543,661	$792,184,618

Note that in the first five months the exports exceeded the imports very largely. There was a strong foreign demand then for our breadstuffs and provisions. Note the steady relative increase of imports over exports thereafter.

It is interesting to compare the totals given above with the operations of the McKinley law for the two previous years. Here are the figures showing the totals:

	Imports.
1892-93. McKinley tariff.....	$851,315,768
1893-94. McKinley tariff.....	650,186,503
1894-95. Wilson tariff.....	758,543,661
	Exports.
1892-93. McKinley tariff.....	$848,657,802
1893-94. McKinley tariff.....	842,171,275
1894-95. Wilson tariff.....	792,184,618

The last year under the McKinley tariff was the period of the panic, when workingmen were out of employment by tens of thousands, wages were cut down, and the power of the people to buy was enormously curtailed. That year, as will be seen from the above figures, the importation of foreign goods dropped off over $201,000,000 from those of the year before. The next year was the first one of the Wilson-Gorman law. The country was emerging fom the panic, idle men obtained employment, and wages rose to some extent. The lower duties of the Democratic law stimulated imports, which rose $100,000,000.

But compare the exports of those two years! In the last year of the McKinley law, the panic year, the total of our exports was only $6,500,000 less than in the previous year; in the first year of the Gorman-Wilson law, our exports fell off $50,000,000 more. And yet we were told, by Democratic theorists, that the way to increase our export trade was to lower duties and promote exports—that "other nations will not buy where they cannot sell!"

Our imports leaped upward as the panic passed away, under the lower duties. But why did our exports fall off? The answer, whatever it be, must reveal the fact that there is no relation whatever between the amount our merchants buy abroad and the amount our farmers and planters and manufacturers sell abroad. The latter must meet the competition of producers in other countries, and the producer who will sell the cheapest will sell the most, whether he live in Nebraska, or Georgia, or Argentina, or Australia, or India.

That is to say, the above figures show that the Republican position was true—that our export trade must depend on supply and demand, and that the level of the tariff on imports has nothing to do with our exports. They show, too, that the Democratic theory that free imports promote exports is a fallacy.

The President was right when he declared the Wilson-Gorman law to be the embodiment of party perfidy and dishonor. Every one knows that it does not produce enough revenue to meet the needs of the government, and that we have had three bond issues so far to obtain the money needed to make up the deficit. Everybody knows that another bond issue is likely to come immediately after the November election. And the above figures show that the new law fails to increase the business and promote the prosperity of the people of the United States.

The remedy is, the election of a Republican President and Congress next year, and the enactment of a proper protective tariff.

NO HOPE FOR BRICE.

Dismayed, routed, panic stricken.

That is the condition of Ohio Democrats eight days before the edection.

They have no hope of winning, as is shown in their speeches and newspapers.

Furthermore, in the rank and file of Democratic voters there is a "don't care" feeling.

They know a Democratic victory is simply a Brice victory.

They know Campbell is merely Mr. Brice's hired man.

They know all about that deal made at Springfield on the morning of the convention.

And there is no love for Brice among the masses of Ohio Democrats.

Even Mr. Campbell does not dare mention the name of the Red Fox of Wall street in his speeches.

Democratic candidates for the legislature do not dare say they will vote for Brice if elected, for such an assertion would lose each of them hundreds of votes.

The Democratic press does not dare mention Mr. Brice as a candidate for the Senate.

And yet every intelligent man must know that Brice is the only Democratic issue in this campaign.

It is Brice's campaign, and he is paying for it.

And now he comes from New York to take personal charge of the contest.

But his millions will not save him.

Campbell is doing him no good; in fact that $40,000 is the poorest investment Mr. Brice ever made. The Heoffer incident hurt the Democratic committee. The rank and file are disgusted with Brice and his methods, and the ballots, one week from Tuesday will tell of another victory won by intelligence over the political ambitions of a man with nothing but money to commend him to the people.

Turkey seems to be adopting a policy of bravado. Another horrible butchery of Armenians is reported, with its inevitable concomitants of nameless atrocities on women and children, and destruction of property. How long will it be that the Christian nations of Europe, who alone are responsible for the existence of the Turkish Empire, will permit this state of things to endure?

Louisiana sugar planters have decided to appeal to the courts for a decision of the legal point raised by Comptroller of the Treasury Bowler against the payment of the sugar bounty. Of course, Bowler raised the point in order to keep the deficit as small as possible during the campaign. After the election is over, Bowler will be called down by his superiors.

After Tuesday of next week, Mr. Campbell will be prepared to write a book on "The Hired Man in Politics."

RUSSIA CONTROLS CHINA.

The news from the Far East is startling. Russian diplomacy has outwitted England and Japan. If the London Times is correct, a new treaty has been made between Russia and China, by the terms of which Russia obtains the right of anchorage for her fleet at Port Arthur, the right to construct and operate railways, and other advantages of great commercial value.

This has created tremendous excitement in England. The Pall Mall Gazette declared this treaty "practically means that Russia has annexed China." And it points to the imminence of war as a result. Japan will refuse to leave Port Arthur, and England will oppose it, even at the point of the bayonet. The English press is defiant in tone and warlike in spirit.

The Pall Mall Gazette says the treaty means "the presence of Russian warships off Vancouver and Sydney, and England must act vigorously and immediately, both by means of diplomacy and getting her fleets ready for sea."

The London Globe declares that "neither England, the United States, Japan, nor Germany will sanction a partition of China which would virtually render the Pacific ocean a Franco-Russian lake and seal the markets of China against their commerce."

The St. Louis Gazette declares English intervention against the treaty imperative, and that "war with Russia, with all its risks and possibilities, would be less disastrous than to allow her without striking a blow to get such a grip on China."

Russian diplomacy has always proceeded on the maxim "slow but sure." Always keeping a desired end in view, she has been willing to wait the developments of the slowly passing years to find her opportunity, or to create it. It now looks as though she deems the hour has arrived to strike. The war between China and Japan opened the way. Her interference with the terms of settlement was arrogant and offensive and the recent peremptory demand on Japan to withdraw from Korea showed that she is ready to do battle to carry out her designs.

If Japan and Russia could be allowed to fight out their differences, without any interference, it would not particularly concern the people of the United States. But such a war will inevitably involve Europe, and will be fraught with the gravest consequences, which will more or less affect us. It is at last certain that Russia has thrown down the gage. If English diplomacy fails, the map of Asia, as well as that of Europe, will have to be redrawn.

BRICE IS THE ISSUE.

James E. Campbell is endeavoring, by pyrotechnic oratory and a diligent playing to the galleries, to divert attention from the real issue of the Ohio campaign. That issue is: "Shall Calvin S. Brice, of New York, be allowed again to occupy a seat from Ohio in the United States Senate?"

But the issue will not down. The people themselves take too much interest in it.

Not only is Campbell doing his demagogic best to distract attention, but are anxiously stopping the mouths of the Democratic legislative candidates, all of whom have been ordered to decline to be interviewed on the Senatorship.

Campbell is making his campaign on the alleged extravagance of the present state administration, in the face of the fact that his own administration spent far more money, that the regular appropriations were larger, and that it would have bankrupted the state treasury had it not been for the windfall of $1,300,000 direct tax refunded to the state by the federal government.

He is charging corruption in the last General Assembly, without specifying a single instance, or adducing one iota of proof.

His campaign is one of wild falsification, persistent reiteration of trivialties, and a general kicking up of the dust to distract public attention from Brice's campaign for the Senatorship.

And all this in the face of the fact that Brice "persuaded" him to accept the nomination for governor, at the hands of a convention wherein Brice's manipulation secured a big majority of the delegates. Campbell declined to run until Brice promised in writing to pay his campaign expenses. Campbell's antics, therefore, are like those of a jumping-jack, of which Brice pulls the string.

Brice himself is frank enough to say that "if the legislature is Democratic, it will be for me." In the face of this assertion, the pretense that the Senatorial field is open to all comers in case of a Democratic victory is a delusion and a snare.

Wriggle as they may, the Democrats cannot get away from the issue. If the Democrats can carry the legislature, Brice will be the next Senator. There is no future event more certain.

And on that issue the Democrats are certain to be defeated. The people of Ohio are not ready to see a resident of New York city, a Wall street operator, a railroad wrecker, a man who tries to make his check-book take the place of statesmanship, sent to the Senate as the tool of the trusts and railway corporations.

THE VENEZUELAN MAP.

The news article printed elsewhere on the Venezuelan muddle is most valuable in showing that the facts are all against the claim of Great Britain to territory in the Orinoco valley. The map shows why England is so anxious to extend the boundary of British Guiana westward. By it we see that the boundary claimed by Venezuela is far east of the line traced by the British engineer, Schomburgk, in 1841. It also shows that line to be far east of the present one claimed by Great Britain.

If the map had the exact limits of the rich gold fields on the Cuyuni river and elsewhere set down, we would be able to see, not only why the line was pushed out westward, but also why the line marking the territory the title to which England will consent to arbitrate, follows an irregular hour-glass shape. The area inclosed in it is not gold-bearing. That to the east and west is. England is after the gold-bearing territory of Venezuela, the same as she is endeavoring to set up a claim to the gold mines on the Yukon in Alaska.

The Washington Post says partisan newspapers in Ohio even go so far as to say that Mr. Campbell is charging Mr. Brice $40,000 for making the gubernatorial race. It might also say that Mr. Campbell has not denied that statement.

The Corbett-Fitzsimmons imbroglio, like a bad church scandal, will not down, and we are assured of at least another week of disgusting gabble. Why not let the brutes get together, and put an end to it once and for all time?

OUR NEW SERIAL.

A Story Which Can Not Fail to Please Blade Readers.

In next week's Blade we shall begin a new serial, which we think will be one of the most pleasing we have ever published. It is a story of New England life—of the struggles of a boy to make a man of himself and to make a success of his life, among the hills and pines of Yankeeland. It is entitled

"BOB. BURLEIGH'S FARM,"

and is written by

RICHARD MALCOLM STRANG,

who is a new writer to most of the readers of The Blade, but one who will be welcomed by them.

It is a strong, true story—true not only because of its fidelity to life and to human nature, but true because its leading incidents really occurred, to the personal knowledge of Mr. Strang. Indeed, we violate no confidence in saying that Mr. Strang himself played his part in the events which form the groundwork of the story.

It is a story which, while it is alive with human interest, is also strong in the appeal which it necessarily makes to all that is noble and pure and true in man and woman. The author does not preach nor moralize; his function is simply to tell a pastoral of New England life. But the story itself is one which must make its readers better for its perusal.

Every one knows the little group of writers whose fame rests upon their stories of their native New England. Mr. Strang's story will make him the equal of any of this noted little group. The scenes he depicts, the characters he portrays, are simply reproductions of places and people he knows, and among whom he has lived. Don't fail to read the opening chapters next week. If you do, we can assure you it will prove a literary treat, and that they will thank The Blade for providing it for them.

"Bob Burleigh's Farm" was written expressly for The Blade, and will not be obtainable except in its columns.

We have a superb story already engaged to follow it, which will be fully announced in due season.

BUSINESS AND FINANCE.

The mercantile reviews for last week report that retail trade generally has been helped of late by the cool weather and that with increased consumption by the millions the way for better business will be clear. Lower prices in iron have brought out some important contracts and the adjustment of prices generally to real instead of imaginary conditions is progressing rapidly.

The speculative boom in cotton broke, and almost a panic ensued. The price fell sharply, a partial recovery followed, but the price is still unsettled. The rate of foreign exchange followed practically the same course. There was a sharp fall in rates, then a rise, and it reached very nearly the gold exporting point, and then fell slightly. The heavy break in the price of cotton disturbed the market for cotton goods, and the decline in leather did the same in the market for hides and leather goods. These declines will ultimately do good, as fictitious values are a detriment to legitimate business. Our agricultural prosperity will have a powerful effect in keeping business in a healthy condition. While the drouth is injuring winter wheat in some sections, it must not be forgotten there is an oversupply of spring wheat, and a shortage in the coming crop will be a good thing in one way—it will tend to raise the price of the grain yet in farmers' hands.

New York sent only three-quarters of a million dollars to the West and South last week, but the next few weeks will certainly make a better showing. The cotton crop is very late, and the movement has not attained anything like full proportions. More money will be needed in the West, too, for the movement of wheat and corn is already brisk, and there is an enormous volume yet to find a market.

Money of course was plenty in New York, and call loans remained at 2 per cent. Time money weakened during the latter part of the week, in consequence of the free offerings, especially by the foreign element in the market. Demand did not increase in any appreciable degree, and nearly all borrowers were willing to trust the call market for the supply of their needs. Rates 2 per cent. for thirty days, 2 1-2 for sixty to ninety days, 3 for four to six months.

The stock market was dull in New York, as dealings were retarded by the absence of any European demand. London and Paris are still wildly speculating in "Kaffirs," and in order to get money to deal in the South African shares they are selling their holdings of American securities. This is reflected on Wall street in a declining tendency and sluggish market.

There was a sudden advance in the market for silver bullion early last week, said to be due to buying in London for the Indian market, followed by a decline, which brought prices on Saturday, at the close, in New York to 67 7-8@68 3-4 cents per ounce for commercial bars, and 68@69 cents for government assay bars.

DENYING THEIR OWNER.

There is a concerted effort among Democratic authorities in Ohio, from Chairman Anderson at the head down to Jimmy Campbell at the tip of the tail, to deny that Brice would be sure of a Senatorial seat, did that party elect a majority of the next General Assembly.

The reason is apparent. There is the bitterest opposition to Brice on the part of a large faction of the Ohio Democrats; and a frank acknowledgment that he has a cinch on the Democratic legislative candidates would destroy even the remote chance of success the Democracy would have as an united party.

Hence word has gone out to deny their master, Brice. A gigantic bunko game is to be attempted on the guileless anti-Brice Democrats.

But it won't work, gentlemen! Brice himself has declared that if the legislature is Democratic, it will be for himself; and Brice knows, for his check-book is running the legislative campaign.

Campbell made himself ridiculous in his Cincinnati speech by declaring publicly that he is "not for nor against Brice." There were men in his audience who were at the Springfield convention. They know personally of the bargain by which Brice hired Campbell to become the candidate for governor. The hired man may deny his employer before election; but if elected every sensible man in the state knows that all the power and patronage of the executive office would be used in Brice's behalf.

Your denial don't deny, gentlemen!

THE ALASKA BOUNDARY.

Great Britain is attempting to grab a slice of Alaska, after the manner of her Venezuelan steal. In both cases the motive is the same—to obtain the rich mines located in the territory to which she lays claim.

In our news columns to-day we print a most interesting article on the Alaskan boundary matter, with a map showing the dimensions of the steal which Great Britain is endeavoring to perpetrate. It enables the reader to form an intelligent opinion on this latest land-grabbing scheme of England.

It is singular, too, that the only ground England has in this case is the loose language of an old treaty, which was necessarily ambiguous because of the lack of definite information concerning the country through which the line runs. Fifty years ago we had a similar dispute with England concerning the Oregon boundary line. The war-cry of a political party then was "Fifty-four forty or fight," meaning that the United States would maintain her claim that the boundary should be the parallel of 54 degrees 40 minutes, even by force of arms.

But the administration at Washington yielded, and the line was fixed at the 49th parallel. Had we then maintained our contention, the northern boundary of the United States from the Rocky mountains to the Pacific, would be at the southern extremity of Alaska, and the Dominion of Canada would have no Pacific ports, and the controversy over seal-killing in Bering Sea would never have arisen.

Every intelligent American desires that the present Democratic administration shall be more determined in asserting American rights than its Democratic predecessor, the administration of James K. Polk, was half a century ago. But there is really little ground for hope, in view of the shilly-shallying in the Venezuelan matter, and the pitiable weakness of the foreign policy of Mr. Cleveland. We speak of the President personally instead of his administration, for all are aware that Mr. Cleveland is the administration, and that his constitutional advisers, the members of the Cabinet, are little more than clerks to the President, acting under his direct orders.

ANOTHER GREAT FEATURE.

The Blade takes pleasure in announcing that it has just completed arrangements with the new com-

GEN. NELSON A. MILES.

mander of the United States army for a series of articles containing

Reminiscences of Indian Fights,

plainly written but thrilling narratives of Indian battles and campaigns in which General Miles took part.

This series will begin in next week's issue. It will consist of five papers, illustrated.

Everybody loves a good Indian story. General Miles is our greatest Indian fighter. His stories contain episodes of heroism on the part of officers and men; anecdotes of daring and strategy; vivid pictures of Indian warfare, and they have the distinction of coming from the head of the army of the United States.

THOSE GUNBOAT BIDS.

When the government advertised for bids for the building of two new gunboats, the lowest and best was that of the Detroit Dry Dock company. After a week or two of red tape, Secretary Herbert has decided that the bid can not be entertained, on the ground that the treaty of 1818 does not permit either the United States or Great Britain to build vessels of war on the Great Lakes.

There might be some excuse for Secretary Herbert's decision, had not Great Britain long ago violated this same treaty. Readers of The Blade will recall that, some three or four years ago, we called attention to the building of so-called revenue cutters which are in fact gunboats designed for lake service, should need arise. Mr. Charles H. Cramp, of the famous Philadelphia ship-building firm, says of this:

I have been informed by officers of the navy that the English have six or eight steamers on the lakes provided with gun circles which are covered over with a false deck, and that they have in store in Toronto four seven-inch and six-inch rapid-firing guns, ready to mount on them at a moment's notice. This fact violates the treaty in effect if not in letter.

Great Britain has violated the treaty of 1818, and did it in a secret and underhand manner. Why shall we not feel ourselves privileged to build gunboats for ocean use, openly and above-board? Their construction might be contrary to the strict letter of the treaty, but certainly would not contravene its spirit. Great Britain has violated both, and hence would be estopped from making any protest.

Mr. Cramp, in the protest above mentioned, declares that the refusal of the bid of the Detroit company is an outrage upon our national manhood and a disgrace to our flag. He says:

There is no good reason why England should have any more control over the fresh water of the United States than over the salt waters. Tear up the infernal treaty. Let the Detroit people have the advantage of their lowest and best bid. At all events, let us declare the independence of the great lakes.

And Mr. Cramp is right. The treaty of 1818 was made before the era of steam navigation, of railroads, of telegraphs. It may have been a proper thing then, but we have long ago outgrown the conditions which made it so. The wilderness which then surrounded the lakes is now the seat of an empire. Their shores, then desolate, save for a few fur stations and small settlements, are now dotted with great cities. We have outgrown the treaty of 1818. Why should the great cities and populous states bordering the lakes remain defenceless under the stipulations of a treaty made when they were forest solitudes?

If Mr. Brice remains in Ohio a week, he will have a good opportunity of finding out exactly what the people think of him. And this knowledge is not likely to make him vain, either.

Ohio's wheat crop is 24,000,000 bushels short of last year. Pancakes will have to be made smaller this winter.

As the mercury goes down in the thermometer the price of coal goes up.

IN PERSONAL VEIN.

Lassalle, the great baritone of the Paris opera, is going to give up singing, according to the Leipzig "Sign'ale," and devote himself to chemistry, zoology and geology.

The wound Archduke Ladislas got while hunting recently in the Forest of Agya, Hungary, is more serious than at first supposed. The bullet perforated a thigh bone and the discharge fired some cartridges in his pocket, which set fire to his clothes.

Bishop Vincent, in addition to his work as founder and most ardent worker for the Chautauqua Assembly, publishes, edits and writes endlessly, preaches constantly and performs all the manifold duties incumbent upon a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church.

A few days ago James R. Randall, author of "Maryland, My Maryland," received a severe shock in Augusta, Ga., in a fall from an electric car. A false step in getting off the car threw him heavily to the ground upon his face, and his lower lip was badly cut.

In the foremost rank of colonial premiers is Mr. Reid, of New South Wales. To look a greater fool than he is seems to be one of his dearest wishes, and he enjoys the reputation of being the beau ideal of "Piccadilly Johnnie." He is fond of theater going, and his eyeglasses and generally foppish exterior enable the audience to distinguish him at once.

Dr. Marion A. Cheek, who has just died in Siam, was one of the best beloved missionaries who ever went to that country. He was a fine physician, and was known as the "White Magician," on account of his medical skill. He was the medical attendant of the royal family, and was offered several high official positions, which he uniformly declined.

Joseph Thomson, the African explorer, who recently died at 38 years of age, was the only man who penetrated to the interior from all four sides. From Morocco on the north he explored Mount Atlas, from the west he went up the Niger, from the Cape he reached the great lakes and the spot where Livingstone died, and from the east he traveled through the Masai country to the lakes. In all his expeditions he never found it necessary to use a revolver or rifle against a human being.

PEN, INK AND PENCIL.

Blue ink was first made in London.

The first English steel pens were sold at 20 shillings each.

The "lead" of the pencils ordinarily used is made of graphite.

Pens are polished with emery powder in a large revolving drum.

The basis of most indelible inks is the ordinary nitrate of silver.

"Lead pencils" are a misnomer. There is no lead in their composition.

Alloys of iridium and osmium are now very generally used to point gold pens.

The quill pens now used in England come from Germany and the Netherlands.

From 1800 to 1812 many attempts were made to fasten metal points to quill pens.

Over 2000 patents have been issued in the United States for the manufacture of inks.

Printing ink is made of linseed oil, rosin, soap and lampblack or other coloring matter.

Graphite suitable for making lead pencils is found in almost every country on the globe.

For very minute writing pens made from crow quills have been found to do excellent work.

The basis of old-fashioned lithographic ink was lampblack, shellac, wax, tallow and soap.

It is said that 1700 patents for the manufacture of ink have been taken out in Great Britain.

In the Patent office reports of this country 665 different styles and varieties of pens are described.

Red ink was formerly made of a solution of Brazil wood, combined with alum, tartar, water and gum.

After being cut, steel pens are annealed and tempered with oil to insure great springiness to the pens.

Inexhaustible supplies of superior graphite, almost pure and eminently suited for pencils, are found in Siberia.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

Gen. Cassius M. Clay has tired of having governesses in his house for his young wife, and has sent her to school.

The table on which Cromwell wrote when he affixed his signature to the warrant for the execution of Charles I. was recently sold for £145.

The Tablet says that Cardinal Gibbons's visit to Ireland was for the purpose of collecting materials for a history of the Irish people.

The Germans claim that Philip Reis invented the telephone, and the kaiser has recently granted a pension to Miss Reis in honor of her father's claim.

Fifteen hundred pilgrims annually visit Baume in Provence, not far from Marseilles, where, it is said, Mary Magdelene spent the last years of her life.

A race was recently rowed at Deal, England, between four four-oared crews of boatmen over 70 years of age. The winning oarsmen averaged 70 years, while their coxswain was 85.

An enormous flight of carrier pigeons was got up in Paris lately. Sixty thousand birds were let loose in one evening from the neighborhood of Eiffel tower, 50.00 at one signal.

One of the patrons of a grab-bag at a recent Maine fair was disgusted at getting out of the bag an order by the local grave digger: "Good for one grave dug any time during the ensuing year."

By Queen Victoria's wish the room in Kensington Palace where her majesty was born, and closed for many years, has been renovated so as to present the exact appearance which it had in 1819.

The will of the late Miss Emily Faithfull, who died last May, shows that she left property valued at $4,500, and bequeathed it all to her friend, Miss Charlotte Robinson, who is "home art decorator to the queen."

One man in Chester, England, has been before the police justices 120 times for drunkenness or assault; his father was up 85 times, one sister 67, and another 23. The cost of prosecuting the family and keeping it in prison has been over $10,000.

A Cincinnati book dealer has the following note dated 1850, from Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe: "You are right as to 'Uncle Tom's Cabin;' it was not written on Walnut Hills, but in the old Titcomb house in Brunswick, Me. It took Maine air and vigor, added to Cincinnati and Kentucky experience, to perfect that work."

Recently the wife of a dwarf named Morris gave birth to twins at Bleanavon, North Wales. Morris is only 3 feet 6 inches in height and his wife is even smaller in stature. They were married at Bethlehem church last Christmas, and have since been traveling through the country as General and Mrs. Small, being the smallest married couple in the world. The mother and infants are doing well.

OCTOBER SUNSHINE.

Old Millionaire—George, I've just sent a guinea to the "Balaclava Veterans' Home."

His Only Son and Heir—A guinea, father? Why, I've sent more than that out of my miserable half pay!

O M. Ah, but you've got great expectations, George. I've got none!—Punch.

"I hear a good deal about double taxation," said the stranger. "May I ask what it is?"

"Certainly," replied the promoter. "We call it double taxation when we have to pay both the city and the aldermen for a franchise."—Chicago Post.

Harry—Is this Miss Wallace that I am going to meet to-night a pretty girl?

Ned—Well, that's a matter of opinion. My own idea is that she is much more likely to get engaged on a moonlight buggy ride than at a fashionable ball.—Somerville Journal.

"Is it true that old Jones's place is haunted?"

"It used to be, but they have a baby there now."—Pearson's Weekly.

Old Gentleman—Do you think, sir, that you are able to support my daughter without continually hovering on the verge of bankruptcy?

Suitor—Oh, yes, sir; I am sure I can.

Old Gentleman—Well, that's more than I can do. Take her and be happy.—Leeds Mercury.

Visitor—You must have a mighty queer board of works here. This is the first town I ever saw where the streets were so much smoother than the sidewalks.

Citizen—We got to keep the sidewalks roughs, friend, to keep the bicycle fiends from running over our children.—Indianapolis Journal.

Secretary Hoke Smith has returned to Washington, and the government will now wag on.

Ohio broke the world's record for fast running on a railway. Ohio always leads.

It is just as well that Mr. Van Alen is not our representative at Rome.

Modern pugilism has a tendency to develop the lungs.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Washington.—Edwin R. Heath has been recognized as honorary consul of Bolivia at Kansas City, Mo.

Parkersburg, W. Va.—Major Davidson, of Berkley Springs, aged 83, suicided by shooting. Cause, physical infirmity.

Chicago.—The works of the Crescent Linseed Oil company, on Goose Island, were wholly destroyed by fire. Loss $175,000; fully insured.

Burlington, Ia.—A terrific explosion took place at Lomax, Ill., in which John Holmes and James White were killed and two others fearfully cut and bruised.

Hollidaysburg, Pa.—County Commissioner John Burd, of Altoona, found guilty of having pecuniary interest in public contract for painting the county counr house.

Minneapolis.—Clough Bros., a lumber firm, and David M. Clough, governor of this state, filed assignments to John F. Byers, result of assignment of N. P. Clarke & Co.

Galveston, Tex.—Rev. A. J. Potter, known throughout Texas as the fighting preacher on account of the fearlessness of his life on the frontier, dropped dead at this place while preaching.

Detroit.—The twenty-ninth annual meeting of the American Missionary association, which is devoted primarily to mission work among the negroes, Indians, and Chinese in America, has opened its four days' session here.

Cairo.—At El Menzuleh and in its vicinity on Sunday and Monday there were 30 new cases of cholera and 12 deaths from that disease.

Vienna.—The Reichsrath has reopened. Count Badeni, the new premier, said that a radical change in the ministry was not the government would oppose anything prejudicial to the maintenance of peace.

London.—The steam yacht Windward, which conveyed the Jackson-Harmsworth Polar expedition to Franz Joseph land, and which arrived

CUT PAPER PATTERNS.

Splendid Offer to Lady Readers of the Blade.

LADY'S SKIRT.

Black brocaded silk is the material represented in the stylish skirt, the mode being particularly well adapted to rich and stately fabrics. The skirt consists of a front gore that is narrow at the top, three gores at each side, that with the front fit smoothly at the top, gradually widening to fall in deep folds, or organ pipe plaits to the lower edge, and three godets in the back that are laid in small box plaits at the top and flare widely at the bottom. The back and front are without seam, the center being straight. The other gores are cut with the front edges laid on the lengthwise straight edge of the fabric. The placket is made at the left side center seam, and the skirt is finished with a belt. A strap of elastic holds the godets in position in back, a stay of tape or ribbon being tacked underneath around the skirt to hold the gores in place. A deep underfacing of haircloth, or other stiff fabric gives the proper flare, and the lower edge of skirt is plainly completed. Handsome skirts by the mode are made from crepon in any of its fancy weaves, plain, striped, figured or brocaded silks and other fabrics for evening, special or ordinary wear. No decoration is necessary, and the skirt can be worn with any style of waist or basque of the same or contrasting fabric.

The quantity of 44-inch wide material

6524—LADIES' SKIRT

required to make this skirt for a lady having a 22-inch waist measure, is 6½ yards; or for a 26-inch size, 6¾ yards; for a 30-inch size, 7 yards.

The pattern, which is No. 6524, and retails at 30 cents, is cut in five sizes, for a 22-inch, 24-inch, 26-inch, 28-inch, and 30-inch waist measure.

MISS'S WAIST.

Fine serge of bluish gray color is here stylishly combined with old blue velvet and ecru guipure. Belt, rosettes and ends of old blue velvet. The style is becoming to most young misses, and the construction of the waist is very simple, closing in back as here shown, or at left side of front, as preferred. A fitted lining supports the backs and front, which are separated by underarm gores, and gathered in fashionable fullness at the waist line. The neck is finished with a smooth standing collar. Wide, double pointed revers turn back from under the front edges, displaying the pretty vest front, deep pointed collar sections falling over the shoulders. Very full puffs stand out stylishly, being supported by an interlining of paper cambric. They are gathered on upper and lower edges and arranged over fitted linings smoothly faced to the elbow with the trimming material. Useful waists for school wear can be stylishly developed in a combination of plain and plaid, figured, mixed or striped woolen fabrics, or for better wear fancy silk can take the place of the velvet

6551—MISSES' WAIST

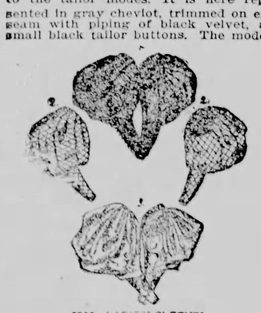
and lace here illustrated. Excellent opportunity is afforded by the mode for the expression of individual taste in harmonizing fabrics, color and garniture.

The quantity of 44-inch wide material required to make this waist for a miss 10 years old is 2½ yards; for one 14, 2¾ yards; for one 16, 2¾ yards.

The pattern, which is No. 6551, and retails for 25 cents, is cut four sizes, for 12, 14 and 16-year-old misses.

LADIES' SLEEVES.

The three distinct styles of sleeves here presented are shown among the season's novelties, and are included in one pattern. No. 1 is shaped in four lengthwise sections, and is particularly adapted to the tailor modes. It is here represented in gray cheviot, trimmed on each seam with piping of black velvet, and small black tailor buttons. The mode is



6560—LADIES' SLEEVES

sometimes called the mandolin sleeve. No. 2 is often referred to as the football, or melon sleeve, from the fact that the seams in the puff, or upper portion, bear a marked resemblance to the outlines of their sections. Black and white plaid silk is here shown, cut bias, and each seam piped with black velvet. The lower portion of the coat-shaped sleeve linings are smoothly covered with the silk. No. 3 is the graceful bureau sleeve, so called from the folds that are arranged to fall loosely from the top. It is cut in one piece, and disposed over comfortably fitted linings. Silk brocade is the material chosen. These sleeves will be found desirable in renovating basques and waists for the demands of the coming season, as they can be developed in materials that either correspond or contrast with the waist.

The quantity of 44-inch wide material required to make these sleeves for a lady having a 32-inch breast measure is 1¾ yards for No. 1 design; 2⅛ yards for No. 2 and No. 3 design; for a 36-inch breast measure, it will require 2 yards for No. 1 design, and 2⅜ yards for No. 2 and No. 3 designs; for a 40-inch breast measure, it will require 2¼ yards for No. 1 design, and 2⅝ yards for N. 2 and No. 3 designs.

The pattern, which is No. 6560, and retails for thirty cents, is cut in three sizes, for a 32-inch, 36-inch and 40-inch breast measure.

BOY'S JACKET.

This style of jacket is much adapted by young boys who are fond of athletics, cycling, golf or other outdoor sports.

Brown heather mixed cheviot is the material chosen in this instance, the single-breasted fronts being closed with speckled brown bone buttons. The fronts and back are joined to a square yoke that is fitted with shoulder and center back seams. Under-arm seams shape the fronts, and back seams, neatly

6584—BOY'S JACKET

outlining the figure, box-plaits being made separately and placed on fronts and back as illustrated. The fronts are deeply faced, and reversed in lapels at the top to meet the rolling collar, in notches, the belt that encircles the waist being passed through straps, sewed to the sides of the jacket. Deep pockets are finished with machine stitching in tailor fashion. Comfortable sleeves are stitched on each front, and all edges are shaped in latest tailor mode and finished with a simulated stitched cuff at the wrists. This jacket can be worn with long or short trousers made to match of tweed, cheviot, corduroy or other suiting.

The quantity of 27-inch wide material required to make this jacket for a boy of six years, is 3 1-4 yards; for one of eight years, 3 1-2 yards; for one of twelve years, 3 3-4 yards.

The pattern, which is No. 6584, and retails for twenty-five cents, is cut in four sizes, for six, eight, ten and twelve year old boys.

GIRL'S COSTUME.

French blue silk striped crepon is here stylishly trimmed with satin of darker shade, the square shirred yoke on front of waist being of biscuit-colored silk. The waist linings fit perfectly, and are smoothly covered with the material in back and on the sides. The full front

6551—GIRLS' COSTUME

is shaped to reveal a square yoke of shirred silk, being gathered across the top and bottom of the shallow portion, which droops slightly in blouse style. The bretelles take the form of box plaits that meet at the shoulders and slope prettily to the waist line. The closing is in center back, with small steel buttons and buttonholes. Leg o' mutton sleeves are gathered full at the top and fit the arm below the elbow, a band of satin trimming the wrists. The circular skirt fits at the top in front and sides, the back being gathered, and the lower edge, which hangs in graceful ripples all around, is finished with a band of satin. This simple mode is recommended for school frocks of tweed cheviot, merino, serge, homespun and other plain, mixed or plaid woolens, which can be developed in one material and trimmed with braid gimp or other suitable garniture. For more dressy purposes velvet can be used in place of the satin, and the yoke covered plainly with some bright-colored silk, over which lace can be laid to enhance the effect.

The quantity of 44-inch wide material required to make this costume for a girl six years old is 3¾ yards; for one of ten, 3¾ yards; for one of twelve, 3¾ yards.

The pattern, which is No. 6551, and retails for twenty-five cents, is cut in four sizes, for girls of six, eight, ten and twelve years of age.

GIRL'S JACKET.

Fancy mixed cheviot, showing various blending colors, with hunter's green predominating, is chosen for this stylish and comfortable jacket, the collar being faced with dark green velvet. The loose-fitting double-breasted fronts are closed on the left with three fancy gilt buttons. The upper portions of fronts are reversed in pointed lapels, the rolling collar of velvet slightly overlapping the upper edges. A broad single box plait is laid in center back that falls loosely in stylish fullness below the waist line, where it is held in place by a pointed strap buttoned on each side. Convenient pockets are inserted in the fronts, completed with machine-stitched welts. Full gigot sleeves fit the arm comfortably, gathers at the top causing a pretty puffed effect above the elbow. Machine stitching in a double row simulates a cuff at the wrists, and all the edges can be stitched or plainly finished, as preferred. Plain and fancy coating serge, tweed, cheviot or covert cloth will all make stylish coats by the mode.

The quantity of 44-inch wide material required to make this jacket for a child

6565—GIRL'S JACKET

four years old is 1 7-8 yards; for one eight years old, 1 7-8 yards; for one twelve years of age, 2 1-8 yards.

The pattern, which is No. 6565, and retails for twenty-five cents, is cut in five sizes, for four, six, eight, ten and twelve-year-old children.

READ THE OFFER:

The above pattern or patterns will be mailed to any address for only 10 cents each. We will fill orders from any person, whether a regular or occasional reader of The Blade. In ordering, address "Pattern Department, Blade, Toledo, Ohio," enclose ten cents silver for each pattern wanted, (do not send stamps if you can obtain other funds). State both title and number of pattern. No coupon required.

Full descriptions and directions—as the number of yards of material required, the number and names of the different pieces in the pattern, how to cut and fit and put the garment together—are sent with each pattern, with a picture of the garment to go by. These patterns are complete in every particular, there being a separate pattern for every single piece of the dress.

For ladies give BUST measure in inches. For SKIRT pattern, give WAIST measure in inches. For misses, boys, girls or children, give BREAST measure in inches. Order patterns by number and give size in inches.

To get BUST and BREAST measure, put the tape measure all of the way around the body, over the dress, close under the arms.

Time for a New One.

"Say, papa, are you going to New York to-morrow?"

"I guess so, Nannie. Why?"

"Well, I wish you would get me a new tooth brush; my o t one is molting."—New York Ledger.

Publishers' Column.

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers of The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember), teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons and forks made of a composition known as nickel silver which so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived. It is indestructible does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1 25
½ dozen teaspoons	85
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2 35
½ dozen tablespoons or forks	1 25
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	2 00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks	1 05
1 dozen table knives	2 50
½ dozen table knives	1 25

These are made in only the one pattern. They are not sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

$$ BRICE. $$

THE THIRD SENATOR FROM NEW YORK AND HIS HOMES.

CAPITAL "SASSIETY" MOURNS HIS COMING DEFEAT.

Some Interesting Matter for the Voters of Ohio.

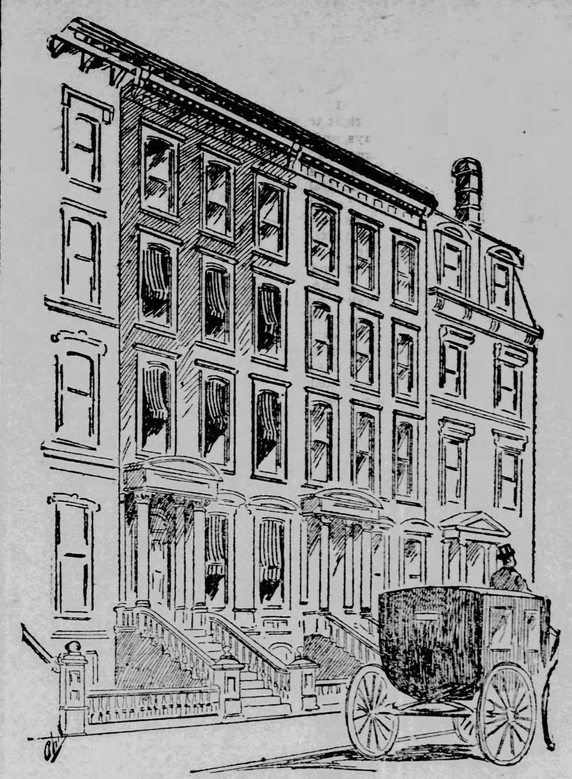
Special Telegram to The Blade.

Washington, Oct. 25.—There is sadness in the social section of Washington. Word comes from Ohio that the junior senator from that state, whose receptions and balls and parties have been the delight of swallow-tail and decollete Washington, is to be defeated for a re-election. No matter how vigorously the government clerks may be squeezed for funds to replenish the "barl," no matter how many may be appealed to go home and vote and work for Campbell in Brice's behalf, not matter how assuring or reassuring may be the promises of those interested in keeping up appearances it seems that those magnificent entertainments which have been the joy of those who manage to get into the swim, those spectacular appearances of the Brice turnout on the avenue, those gorgeous newspaper descriptions of "functions" in which names of the invited fill a column, are likely to be a thing of the past. Nobody has entertained as Brice has done. Nobody has given such feasts, musical and gastronomical. Nobody has delighted and dazzled the eye with the elegant turnouts on Pennsylvania ave. as has the millionaire senator from Ohio.

Brice's Washington Residence.

To tell of the magnificence of the Brice residence in Washington would occupy columns. To tell the magnificence of the entertainments that have been given there would be even more. Suffice it to say, that there is no building in all fashionable Washington which has a history of more lavish expenditures than this one, and no period of its history in which it has seen more elaborate or expensive entertainments than those of the period in which Senator Brice has occupied it.

Even during the days in which this house was occupied by the British minister, Pakenham, it was the scene of festivities then seldom equaled in any country, and especially so in this, for it was away back before the Mexican war that Pakenham occupied it, and startled all America with the gorgeousness of his social events—"functions" they would be called, in the days of his imitator, Senator Brice.



BRICE'S HOME, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

The old mansion seems to have been especially intended for a continuous display, for no sooner had Pakenham given it up than Daniel Webster's friends purchased it and presented it to him. Mr. Webster, although a poor man and always "like a toad under the harrow" in matters financial, had his salary as secretary of state, and spent it royally in entertaining in his handsome home. Then it passed into the hands of Mr. Corcoran, the millionaire, who occupied it until his death, adding largely to its attractions and to the elegance of the interior, which is unsurpassed in this or perhaps almost any other city. There was, however, an interval during Mr. Corcoran's ownership in which the house was occupied by the French minister, and that too under very peculiar circumstances.

Mr. Corcoran was well known to be a sympathizer with the South. He

BRICE'S WASHINGTON RESIDENCE.

did not wish, however, to identify himself with her fortunes—or to identify her with his fortune perhaps—and so he went abroad. The fact as to his sympathies was very well known to the government, and an effort was made to confiscate the property or at least to take possession of it for government use in some way.

Hearing of this, Mr. Corcoran's agent, Mr. Hyde, telegraphed Mr. Corcoran, and that keen business man immediately telegraphed back that he had rented it to the French government for legation purposes. Of course the United States government would not interfere with the plans of the French government in a matter of this sort, and as a result Uncle Sam did not take possession of it and the property was saved to Mr. Corcoran, who lingered abroad until the war was over, coming back to dispense a royal hospitality in the building where the English minister, the American secretary of state, and the French minister had, one after the other, astonished the social world of the capital with their entertainments.

And the wealthy Corcoran was succeeded by the equally wealthy and lavish Brice, who has kept up the record of the establishment, and smashing the record of its former occupants in the elaborate and ostentatious display of his entertainments.

Brice's Actual Home.

But the Corcoran house is not Brice's real home. It is only his Senatorial residence. His actual home is in New York city. In the winter of 1883, having made a big fortune in his Nickel Plate deal, Brice decided to go to New York city and get into the social swim. He bought, of W. H. Vanderbilt, for $175,000, the fine old mansion at No. 683 Fifth ave., which has always remained his New York residence. Six years the Brices lived at their new home and quietly added to their list of friends all who might be of any advantage to them in their coming social life, feeling their way, as it were, toward the inner ranks of the exclusive set. Small dinner parties and the dainty teas of Mrs. Brice were the only social affairs which marked these, the first years of their Eastern life. Their summers were spent abroad.

His Newport "Cottage."

Six years ago Mr. Brice saw that to gain his end he must have Newport. As Newport would not come to him, he went to Newport, and since 1889 his family have been, with the exception of last season, constant summer residents there. Last spring he rented the J. J. Astor villa, Beaulieu, which had been rented heretofore for several seasons to Alden B. Stockwell, president of the Pacific Steamboat company, at $8,000 per season. Mr. Brice pays $15,-

BRICE'S WASHINGTON RESIDENCE.

000, probably the largest amount ever paid for a summer villa. The house is valued at $500,000.

His Ohio Home.

Since 1883, Brice has had no Ohio residence. The cottage he occupied in Lima before that time is now occupied by Mrs. Meilly, Mrs. Brice's mother. When Brice comes to Ohio an one of his flying visits, he does so in his private palace car, the "Argonaut," a cut of which is given.

Brice and "Sassiety."

Senator Brice's social aspirations, like his political aspirations, have no limit. He would see the day when the name of Brice would mean as much to New York swelldom as the name of Astor or Belmont or Vanderbilt. When his family went to Washington, they at once aspired to be society leaders. It is said that the last social season in Washington cost Senator Brice not less than $50,000. It lasted two months and a half, and an expenditure of $50,000 in that time seems a pretty big sum. But a no less authority than

BRICE'S NEWPORT HOUSE—RENTAL, $15,000 PER YEAR.

the New York Herald puts the cost of the Brice "season" at that good round sum. "Every week," says this paper in its issue of June 23d, "saw something happen at the Brices. Usually it was a dinner on Saturday night. Those twelve weeks of giddy whirl cost Brice over $50,000. The Brice musicales were the talk of the town, and for that matter, of New York and several other towns. The best singers of the world were produced at these musicales. There was nothing too rich for the musical blood of Brice. He demanded Melba. She came high, but he must have her. The great singer softly suggested that she would need $1,500 to come and sing twice for the Brices. She was produced, and left with Brice's $1,500 check, and everybody was happy. At the same musicale one of the De Reszkes sang. Ten minutes' work with his vocal valves called for $1,000, but De Reszke was there."

The New York Herald is a Democratic paper, and its accuracy in regard to the personal affairs of a Democratic Senator from its own state should not, of course, be questioned.

Another paper from Senator Brice's own state, the New York Press, also remarks of his social career in Washington: "Even before he had secured a residence he made doubly sure his position as a Washington society leader. Sending out cards for a 'small entertainment to the entire social elect of Washington,' Mr. and Mrs. Brice gave in the parlors of the Arlington Hotel the grandest and most costly musicale that Washington had ever attended. All society was captivated, and the Brices' social position was assured. In the winter of 1893 the Brices lavishly entertained the Duke of Veragua, and latter in the year Grand Duke Alexander of Russia. Two winters ago all Washington was again invited to the Corcoran mansion to a grand cotillion, and the whole political circle of Washington was in attendance. Last winter Senator and Mrs. Brice determined to eclipse all previous efforts and sent out 400 invitations to a musicale. The horse cars passing their residence were stopped for nearly an hour by the hundreds of carriages that lined Lafayette Square. Madame Melba and both of the De Reszkes had been engaged at a cost of thousands of dollars in the height of the grand opera season in New York, and sang at one of the greatest of the Brices' social achievements."

Here then is the testimony of two of the leading political newspapers of Senator Brice's home, the New York Herald (Democratic), and the New York Press (Republican). Is it wonderful, then, that the social world is filled with alarm over the fact that the Senator is likely to end his term of official life with the next Congress?

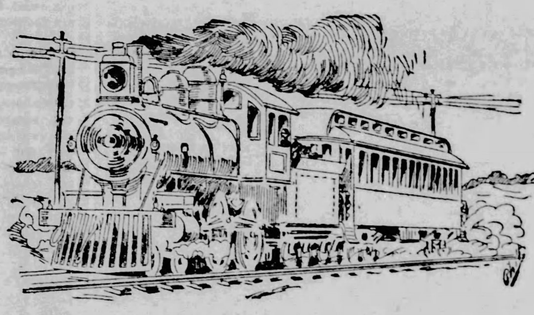
Brice's Aristocratic Way.

Some curious stories are told about the way things went at the Brices during the social season. The Washington Star, which has a high rank in the newspaper world, and which is usually very careful as to the accuracy of its statements, created quite a flurry last winter by the publication of a story regarding the treatment of the Marine band at one of the Brice entertainments. The band had been engaged to play, for there is nothing too good for these events and the Marine band is, of course, the greatest organization of theh kind to be had. It played, but at a point in the evening's performance its leader intimated that it was necessary that the members of the band be provided with a luncheon. It was, he said, customary, and indeed the men could not go through with the evening's work without it. The answer which he got was to the effect that if the members of the band cared to descend to the apartment used as a servants' dining room they would be accommodated. This was too much for the members of the finest musical organization, and there was a rebellion. The matter was patched up in some way, but the war broke out again when a few weeks later an effort was made to engage the Marine band, and Professor Fanciulli is said to have made some remarks in pigeon English that were more amusing to the listeners than complimentary to the Brices.

The "Social Secretary."

Another queer story is with reference to the Senator's social manager, L. Sanford Beatty. Mr. Beatty is understood to be a relative of the Senator or his wife. He is a person of very smooth social ways, thoroughly "up" in social matters in Washington, and is said to be engaged at the snug salary of $10,000 a year to manage the social end of the Brice existence here. He lives at the Arlington in first-class style, but spends most of his time at the Brice mansion, and in managing the social affairs of the family, if reports are true.

It is not improper, in this connection, to quote again from a Democratic paper from Senator Brice's state, the New York Herald, which says of Mr. Beatty: "His profession is entirely social. He is 'social secretary' to Mrs. Brice. He plots the Brice family up and down the social channels of Washington life. He has absolute charge of all social functions of the Brices. He arranges their dinners, makes out their menus, absolutely dominates the dinner list, invites the right ones and avoids the wrong ones as if they were pestilence. He directs the energies of



BRICE IN STATE IN HIS VICTORIA.

the butler, tells him what wines to uncork and how much. He tells the steward to what extent and in what direction he is to invade the provision market.

"He acts as a sort of esquire to Mrs. Brice and her daughters. Whenever their beauty adorns a box at the opera a good strong glass will show Beatty in the background. Do they ride, Beatty rides, and should they care to turn pedestrian, Beatty is there. If any social outburst, such as a dinner or musicale, is threatening at the Brices, the society editresses searching out the costumes in advance are let into the secret by Beatty.

"Since he has been Brice's master of the black rod he has carried that household into a social position and to social heights which they never could have attained unaided. The Brice receptions and the Brice dinners and the Brice dancing parties and the Brice musicales are best in Washington, thanks to Beatty, backed by the limitless purse of Brice. I learn from sources which spring at the very foot of the social throne, that the over-all expense of running the Brice household a year is $250,000. The Corcoran house calls for $10,000 a year, the daughters have each an allowance of $8,000 a year, and the sons $10,000 each. Beatty himself has a salary of $10,000 a year and he earns it. For the purposes of a fashionable splurge, Beatty is well worth $100,000 a year. Justice would sew another cipher onto Beatty's $10,000."

Brice's Turnouts.

One of the picturesque and imposing sights on Pennsylvania avenue, which Washington is liable to lose as the result of the coming election in Ohio, is that of Brice and his magnificent turnout. To see Senator Brice en route to the capitol on a fine summer morning is a sight to inspire the worshipper of that genius of dollars. Nowhere in the country are to be seen finer turnouts than in Washington; nowhere in Washington is there a more striking picture than that of Brice en route to the United States Senate chamber.

The junior Senator from Ohio is well supplied with all the adjuncts of a stable of the princeliest type. Horses of the bluest blood and with a pedigree and record which place them in the highest rank; grooms to take care of them who have had experience in the finest stables of the land; harness shining with silver and gold and monograms of the Brice estate, and carriages from the finest and highest priced establishments. An elegant brougham, with high box windows, square front, rich interior finish, painted a dark olive green and striped in yellow, made by Brewster, of course; an equally handsome "bus," which is intended to carry a half dozen or more people on outing parties; a "spider phaeton," very handsome, and the very latest in style and appearance; a light road wagon.

All these are elegant, very elegant, and of the costliest sort. On their doors or sides are the magic letters which turn all they touch to gold, "C. S. B.," ingeniously intertwined as a monogram. The paint is of the freshest, the colors are of the most fashionable, and the name on the maker's plate is that of the highest-priced house in the Union.

But it is the "victoria" which Mr.

L. SANFORD BEATTY.
(Social Pilot of Calvin S. Brice.)

Brice especially affects, and in which he delights to ride on the capitol in fine weather, when all Washington is "on the avenue." Everybody knows, of course, what a "victoria" is. An open carriage, with top thrown back, broad, low-cushioned seats, on which the occupants loll back in full view of the passing public, a seat high in front for driver and footman, and a pair of dashing horses with jingling harness and breast-chain in front. But there are victorias and victorias. Some are old and antiquated, some are modern and average, a few are the

BRICE IN STATE IN HIS VICTORIA.

latest and swellest, and with the highest backs and most imposing fronts. And this is the Brice victoria. High, very high in front; high, even higher, at the back; higher, even the highest, in price, that is the Brice victoria. A dark olive green in color, with yellow stripes, rich drab cushions, driver and footman in rich livery, sitting high in front, blooded bays prancing, and on the luxurious low cushions, Senator Brice leaning back in faultless attire, and shining silk hat, is a picture which makes every head turn, and every passer nudge his neighbor with admiring delight, as he whispers "Senator Brice, of Ohio." Happy Ohio, with such a Senator; happy Brice, with such a fortune; happy Washington, with such a Brice and his attractions. Can it be, alas! that this delight is really to end?

Searching for a Famous Stone.

It is reported in Mexico that Antonio Garcia Cubas has every reason to believe from data in his possession that the famous gladiatorial stone is buried a few meters below the surface in front of the main entrance to the national palace. Mr. Cubas has already solicited permission to take up the pavement and make a search for this interesting archaeological relic, and it is expected that within the next few days some satisfactory result of his search may be given to the public. Mr. Cubas will make every effort to discover the object of his search before October 20, on which date, according to the president's message, is the meeting in the City of Mexico of the congress of Americanis as. If Cubas does not find the stone he is after he may be able to dig up the gladiatorial stone which David slung in his sling at the giant. It will go.

On the Merits of the Cur.

Is a thoroughbred dog more valuable than a cur? A thoroughbred dog must be fed regularly or it would starve to death, but a cur needs no attention whatever, and hustles for its own food. A thoroughbred dog often gets lost, and does not have sense enough to find its way home, whereas you can't possibly lose a cur, and it will stay with you always.—Atchison Globe.

An Estimate.

"Do you think he is after my money?" "Shouldn't wonder. He told me he was figuring on marrying you."—Life.

The Sunday School.

Saul Chosen King.

Golden Text: The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice.—Psa. 97:1.

LESSON TEXT.

(1 Sam. 10:17-27. Memory verses: 24, 25.)

Study connection in 1 Samuel 9 and 10.

COMMON VERSION.

17. And Samuel called the people together unto the Lord to Mizpeh;

18. And said unto the children of Israel, Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, I brought up Israel out of Egypt, and delivered you out of the hand of the Egyptians, and out of the hand of all kingdoms, and of them that oppressed you;

19. And ye have this day rejected your God, who himself saved you out of all your adversities and your tribulations; and ye have said unto him, Nay, but set a king over us. Now therefore present yourselves before the Lord by your tribes, and by your thousands.

20. And when Samuel had caused all the tribes of Israel to come near, the tribe of Benjamin was taken.

21. When he had caused the tribe of Benjamin to come near by their families, the family of Matri was taken, and Saul the son of Kish was taken; and when they sought him, he could not be found.

22. Therefore they inquired of the Lord, further, if the man should yet come thither. And the Lord answered, Behold, he hath hid himself among the stuff.

23. And they ran and fetched him thence; and when he stood among the people, he was higher than any of the people from his shoulders and upward.

24. And Samuel said to all the people, See ye him whom the Lord hath chosen, that there is none like him among all the people? And all the people shouted, and said, God save the king.

25. Then Samuel told the people the manner of the kingdom, and wrote it in a book, and laid it up before the Lord. And Samuel sent all the people away, every man to his house.

26. And Saul also went home to Gibeah; and there went with him a band of men, whose hearts God had touched.

27. But the children of Belial said, How shall this man save us? And they despised him, and brought him no presents. But he held his peace.

Illustrative Applications.

Samuel said, Ye have this day rejected your God; and ye have said, Nay, but set a king over us (vs. 17-19). Little folks and larger ones are very likely to want the things which are not good for them, and to prefer such things to those which are the best ones possible for them. A baby wants an open razor to play with, because it is so bright. A child wants to eat poison berries, because they are pretty. Young people want to have a part in occupations, or to find a place in surroundings, which are evil, because they are so attractive. Older people want wealth or position or power, because it seems to promise so much. All of us are inclined to reach out after that which is not for our good, because to the eye of sense it is pleasing. Very few of us are ready to have God decide for us, always, as to what is for our good. Still fewer of us would make a wise choice if God should permit us to choose for ourselves. "We know not how to pray as we ought." The safest prayer, even when the bitterest cup is proffered to us, is: "Nevertheless not my will, but thine, be done."

When he stood among the people, he was higher than any of the people from his shoulders and upward (v. 23). God knew what kind of a man the people would want for their king; so he picked out one accordingly. Their king must look like a king, and God let them have their choice. But looks are not a safe guide. Because a man looks to be head and shoulders above other men, it doesn't follow that he is really better than the average of men. Goliath was twice the man that David was in outward show; but he wasn't half the man that David was in reality. It may be capable that gives a man the seeming advantage; it may be an attractive face or figure; it may be money; it may be family connections; it may be official station; it may be skill in a particular line of performance; whatever it is, it is, after all, nothing more than a pedestal—the real man must be measured and tested apart from it. But the worst of it is that we commonly take in the man's pedestal as a part of his own stature; and then, when finally he is off from the pedestal, we find how wofully deceived we were! "Man looketh on the outward appearance," and misjudges accordingly. Lord, help us to see the difference between a man and his pedestal!

And all the people shouted, and said, God save the king (v. 24). We are all a great deal more likely to pray God to preserve what tends to our harm, than to ask him to preserve that which is for our good. We want sunlight when a storm would be better. We want wealth when a lack of it would be to our advantage. We crave health, when there is a gain to us in sickness. We wish that we could do a work that would be better let alone. We shout with gladness when we are given our own way, and our cry is, God save to us the desire of our eyes. The Israelites' cry was, "God save the king!" not, "May the king serve God!" They were more intent on getting help from God for themselves and their king, than on finding how they and their king could serve God effectively. How much we all are like the Israelites in this way of praying!

Saul also went to his house; and there went with him the host, whose hearts God had touched (v. 26). The best friends in the world are those who are God's friends. Indeed, there is no abiding and trustworthy friendship except between's God's friends. And there is no time when we more truly need the help of friends than in prosperity. It is the "friend in need" who is the "friend indeed," but our time of need is, after all, more likely to be in our days of uplifting than in our days of depression. There are special dangers in prosperity; and in those dangers a true friend can give true help. It is something to be grateful for, that, when we are in danger through our uplifting, God touches kind hearts in our behalf, and those hearts are prompted to close about us in loving, helpful sympathy. A band of friends whose hearts God has touched are a source of comfort and help for which a king might well be thankful. And a true and unselfish friendship goes far to make one a worthy companion of kings. There is royalty in a sacred friendship.

But he held his peace (v. 27). And what better could he have done? The warm words of friends ought not to be received in silence. They demand our recognition and acknowledgment. But the sneers of enemies can best be met by closed lips. Arguments in our own defense cannot convince those who condemn us because of their envy or malice. The only possibility of our convincing them of their error is by our conduct in the face of sneers. And our only hope of doing our duty is by giving attention to that duty, rather than to those who say we cannot do it. Saul's holding his peace when he was sneered at by "sons of worthlessness" gave better proof that he was a head and shoulders above common men than any notches on a measuring-stick could have done. And our real stature must be tested similarly.—H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.

A Redeeming Feature.

"My dwelling is bounded on the north by a gasworks, on the east by an India rubber works, on the west by a vinegar manufactory, and on the south by a glue boiling establishment."

"A nice neighborhood, I must say."

"Quite so; but it has one advantage. I can always tell which way the wind blows without looking at the weather cock."—Humoristische Blaetter.

Neglect.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones conversed at the table so earnestly that they forgot to serve Adele, their 4-year-old. At last, in the break of the dialogue, she said:

"Mamma, please pass me the salt."

"The salt, child? What for?"

"Oh, I might need it in case papa should give me some meat."—Judge.

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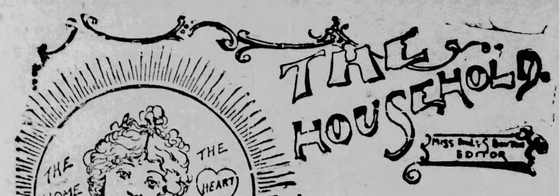


THE TIME OF THE GOLDEN ROD.

Whispering winds kiss the hills of September,
Thistledown phantoms drift over the lawn;
Red glows the ivy, like a ghost-lighted ember,
Shrouded in mist breaks the slow-coming dawn;
Sunlighted vistas the woodland discloses,
Sleeping in shadow the still lake reposes,
Gone is the summer, its sweets and its roses—
Harvest is past and summer is gone.

Plaintively sighing, the brown leaves are falling,
Sadly the wood dove mourns all the day long,
In the dim starlight the katydids, calling,
Hush into slumber the brook and its song,
Gone are the sowers and ended their weeping,
Gone are the gleaners and finished their reaping,
Blossoms and bees with the song bird are sleeping—
Harvest is past and summer is gone.

—Robert J. Burdette.

BISHOP SPALDING'S SPEECH.

A GREATER EVIL THAN HE MENTIONS IN SCHOOL MANAGEMENT.

Public Schools and Politics Must be Separated if the Former Are Improved.

Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, spoke his piece at a banquet in Chicago one evening last week, and it was a very peculiar one from an ordinary point of view. No doubt he believed all that he said, and said it from the very best of motives, as Bishop Spalding is too well known for probity of character to have any other opinion possible. And in certain things, he is, no doubt, right, for it is unfortunately true that, as teachers, women have always received far less pay than men for work equally well or better done in the same position. I have personally known men to be put in places at a large salary, and fail utterly, when the woman who succeeded them at a lower rate of pay, won the highest success.

If Bishop Spalding meant that men would make, generally speaking, better teachers than women under the same circumstances and with equal advantages, then he says what is not true. If he intended to convey the idea that because women can be hired cheaper, they should not, therefore, be made the exclusive educators of the children, he is right. The question of cheapness should not enter into the count, but that only of fitness, and the matter of sex has nothing to do with it in any way, unless it be in special places and for special reasons. That it might be well to have a larger proportion of intelligent, cultivated men in our public schools, working side by side with wide-awake women who are there, not as superiors and receiving the larger pay as such, but wholly because of their adaptation for the work in hand, admits of little doubt. At the present time, with rare exceptions, the men-teachers are young and take up the work as a makeshift until they can prepare themselves for what they consider a larger field, where more money can be made and a higher position more quickly attained. It is precisely on a level as to motive, with that of the young women who become teachers in order to support themselves until they marry, and have the care of their home.

If, without making any distinction of sex, the prizes to be won in the educational field could be made greater, men would be found there working to obtain them, as they are elsewhere. In this way the masculine and feminine influence in the schools would be more nearly equal, although, even then, I believe women-teachers would remain in the majority. They like the work better. They have a clearer understanding of children and children's needs, and many times can more easily influence the growing young. For all that, I agree with Bishop Spalding that it would be better if there were more men of experience retained in the public schools.

There is something, however, that militates against the success of the educational work in this country far more than the disparity in the number of men and women teachers. It is a crying evil, and I am not speaking too strongly when I say that it means ruin unless it is checked, and that in the near future. The management of the public schools has become part of the political machinery that runs the municipal governments Men seek to become members of the board of education for the money there is to be made out of it, but in no sense to render the schools better. There is just as much corruption, just as much jobbery there as in any other public office, and this is patent from the fact that it is now no uncommon thing for men to seek the nomination for the position and then buy their election, just as they do for salaried places. They do not spend money without expecting some return, and this can only be had by over-reaching the careless but long-suffering public.

Until the management of the schools can be taken out of the realm of politics there will be small improvement. No matter how honest, earnest and intelligent teachers may be, they are, in many ways ,handicapped by this condition of things. And then it happens that fitness is not always considered in the selection of these teachers, but the bestowal of places is made a part of political capital. If Bishop Spalding had included in his eloquent speech an arraignment of his peers upon this ground, he would have done a good thing.

Yet I believe there is an awakening to-day as to what education really means in its influence upon life, and how great a part the public school system has in the prosperity of the future towards which the nation is moving, that will arouse to a thought and action bearing rich fruitage. It is the children of to-day who are to help or hinder the upward evolution of this people, the signs of which are dawning. Both the life spiritual and the life intellectual have made great progress of late, and if our educational methods keep pace, if our young people are permeated with the thought of what the best human development means, they will take a broader, more unselfish view of their own individual life apart from the life around them. More will become great through inhabiting a higher sphere of thought; more "will open their eyes to see things in a true light and in large relations," and thus take a better part in the growth of the higher conditions for humanity.

The education demanded by the thinkers of to-day is indeed a thing apart from the old one, the product of automatic methods of teaching. It thrills with a newer life, a stronger vitality. The youth are to be educated to think, not to repeat the thought of others. The spirit of the kindergarten methods is to extend through the intellectual training of the later years, until the time comes for the youth to enter into the world of action a grown man or woman, with moral and intellectual strength.

Let there be no mistake. This is the kind of education that will also bring material prosperity to the nation, for it is the kind to make the thought back of the action more far-seeing and comprehensive. Yet this possibility which may be made a reality will be destroyed, unless the corrupt methods that enter into the public school system to-day are swept away. There must be a movement akin to a revolution to check this overpowering greed of gain which is working such evil. It is the duty of every man, and of every woman as well, to demand a purer administration of the affairs of what is so vital to the well being of the nation.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

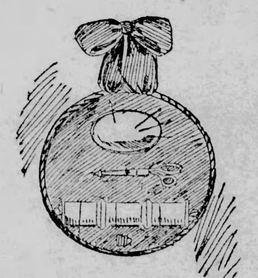
A COLLECTION OF CIRCLES.

Result of the Fancy Work Editor's Last Visit to the Cozy Corner.

Judging from the work being done in the Cozy Corner last week, "wheels within wheels" was the order of the day in that brilliant department. The subjects under discussion being somewhat beyond the ken of the fancy work editor she gladly availed herself of a seat near Miss Dora Thorne, and listened to the conversation of her betters, while she watched the young woman as she deftly constructed a useful and ornamental device to decorate the wall of the room occupied by a certain favored bachelor friend. She called it

A Necessaire.

The foundation was a circular piece of card-board, six inches in diameter, covered on one side with dark blue velvet and on the other with silk of the same shade, the edge being bound with silver cord. A cushion of the velvet, edged with the cord, was fastened in the upper part of the circle to contain needles and pins; two loops of narrow blue silk elastic held a pair of bright scissors in place near the center; three spools of thread, strung on fine silver wire, the ends concealed under bows of baby ribbon, occupied the lower part of the disc—a thimble of the largest size, finishing the equipment of this dainty "house-wife," and being held in place by a loop of the elastic.



A large bow and ends of dark blue ribbon served to suspend it—the owner's name being daintily traced with silver paint on the silk lining. Of the thread two spools were of coarse and fine black thread—the third of No. 40 white.

A young lady present who is much interested in church work showed the editor a needle-book she had made for a church fair to be held in a few days.

Decorated Needle-Book.

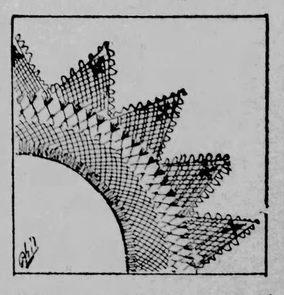
This was made of two circular pieces of card-board, each covered upon one side with Nile-green silk, and on the other with white silk. On the outer side of one piece a circle of fine lace net was arranged, and over it a spray of roses was embroidered in shades of pink and dark olive green. Four circular pieces of white flannel, buttonholed at the edges with the different shades of silk, were fastened between these two covers by a rosette of dark green baby ribbon, a second rosette covering a tiny loop and hook used to fasten the book together.

A very dainty companion to this needle-book was made of rose pink silk, with pale blue forget-me-nots embroidered upon it, while a third was of dark blue velvet with a tiny bright bit of golden-rod painted upon it.

Mrs. Aiken, a dear white-haired old lady was doing some very dainty work in the netting so popular in the days of her youth, and revived a few years ago by her grand-children It was a

Doiley, With Netted Border.

The center was of linen seven inches in diameter, the edge finished with a very narrow hem. Three sizes of mesh-sticks were used. Net 247 stitches over a foundation loop with the largest mesh. Second row, use the smallest mesh and work one row, then join the two ends and work two rounds with the same mesh. Fifth round, use the largest mesh and make one loop in each loop. Sixth round, use medium-sized mesh and work through three loops at once. Seventh round, use the largest mesh and put three stitches in each loop. Eighth and ninth rounds, use the smallest mesh. The ninth row should contain 228 loops. Tenth round, in this round the points (of which there are 17) are begun with the same mesh.



At the end of the ninth round turn the work, and work back until there are 12 loops on the mesh, then turn again and work back having 11 loops on the mesh this time, and one unworked loop at the end; continue in this way until there is but one loop on the mesh, then cut the thread. Begin the next point by tying the thread in the second loop from the last point made and work back and forth in the same manner. If the loops do not come out exactly even narrow or widen one or two as may be necessary.

The squares in the points are darned in thus: One square in the second loop from the edge, skip one loop, darn one in next loop; darn one in next row between these two, and two more in third row to complete the square.

"Some of our griefs we can cure, and the sharpest we still may survive,
But what pangs of distress we endure from the evils that never arrive!"

Poets may sing of the perfect days of June, but to my mind there are no days that can compare with these perfect October days when we have with the bright sunshine the added charm of the cool, invigorating air that gives us strength and inspiration at the same time. If June is lovely with its buds and blossoms, October can show equal loveliness in the leaves, tinted in such gorgeous shades of brown, crimson and gold; and the ripened fruit and grain that not only please the eye, but give promise of so much comfort to both man and beast during the coming months.

"But all of this beautiful coloring of the leaves is only the forerunner of death and decay and of the long, cold winter that is coming, therefore I cannot enjoy it," says my pessimistic friend.

Ah, well, why not think of it in another light? It is only the preparation for a glorious resurrection in the spring; a needed rest for the trees and plants, and how lovely it is, that even this departure of the foliage that has accomplished its work, is made beautiful for us, and we can carry with us the recollection of this beauty till we see the new glory of the springtime.

And yet even in this lovely weather there are some unpleasant reminders that life is not all happiness, such as colds and coughs and, a little later in the season, frosted feet, chilblains, etc. Some one spoke of these ills, in the Cozy Corner to-day, and Mrs. M. E. H., said that wearing felt shoes had cured, not only chilblains, but ingrowing nails, for her—an easy remedy and one worth trying. Laura Golden gave a recipe for making a cough syrup that she can recommend and which the cook took possession of, promising to give it in her department.

In answer to Betts, Aunt Jerusha says:

"In regard as to how you are 'to get a husband' I can give a few suggestions, and I think it is perfectly right and proper for girls to choose who is to buy their dresses for them as for the young man to choose who shall cook his dinner for him. Custom, of course, is not yet educated up to that standpoint, but it will come.

First, learn to be a thorough housekeeper and a good cook, for upon this depends much of the comfort and happiness of the family. Be amiable, have a kind word for everybody, especially the very young and the very old. Be a stay and comfort to the dear mother, for a good daughter makes a good wife. Do not gossip idly, nor tattle, for no one likes a mischief maker; be industrious, it means wealth, health and happiness; do not be extravagant in dress; the fine dress of the girls of to-day is what deters many a good man from marrying. Follow these rules and you will soon find suitors in plenty and you will have then reached the danger line, for there are yet two very important things to be considered and one is, to choose wisely a life companion. When you arrive at this stage just let your Aunt Jerusha know, and she will give you a few pointers as to how it is done.—Aunt Jerusha.

To Hazel Dell and Lelah G. in particular and to all of the mothers of the Cozy Corner, in general,, Evelyn, Ohio, makes this appeal:

O, dear mother, do not ever allow yourself to become too busy, to take some time with your little boys and girls. Make companions of them. Make fewer clothes, cook less, and spend the time gained in feeding and clothing their minds with the food and raiment of intelligence, which in after years will make better men and women. A child who loves good books and good thoughts will seldom fall into temptations. Let us hear from other sisters on that question.—Evelyn, Ohio.

L. W. W. speaks further upon the question she was answering in her last week's communication. You will all agree that she says some good things:

I am not assuming to reason out the why and wherefore of the youngest of a family of children going wrong, but have we not all seen that baby girl, where all the older children are boys, or that baby boy, where the older ones are girls, rendered almost unendurable by too much petting and favoritism? In one instance I knew of parents who had labored to train the older children strictly, relax all system with the younger ones, who required the most careful , even coercive mode of training.

But yet, after all, how often we see the most intelligent, judicious care bestowed upon a child, and then that child goes wrong, through some perversity of human nature, as it were; some fatality, which it seemed impossible to escape.

And now I will close, digressing a bit from the importance of the subject in question by a homely little experience of my own in making a pet of a plant. It was a golden rod, and it blossomed and brushed its feathery gold against our back fence for two consecutive autumns. It was particularly precious to me, reminding me of its far-away sisters, blooming in golden profusion beneath Southern suns; so last spring I transplanted this dear one into our back yard, warning all the children around "not to touch" this golden-rod. I bestowed my loving care and attention upon that plant and it throve right royally, putting forth clustering buds of promised beauty. Well, the result was my treasure trove was besieged and devoured by hordes of abominable black bugs, and though I made war on those insects, they were only vanquished too late—the effect of their ravages remained. All that I have to remind me of my beautiful golden rod is a mass of dull, heavy, colorless weeds. So perished my pet, while out in the wood the wild, uncared-for ones flourished and flowered in all their unmarred beauty.

Is not this ofttimes an exemplification of life and the placing of our affections upon one thing? By chance, or choice, the baby girl, the baby boy, any one upon whom we set our hearts?—L. W. W.

M. A. F. gives as a remedy for the habit of discussing other people's affairs, to encourage in ourselves a habit of reading and study. She thinks, very truly, that if our minds are filled with good things that there will be no room for evil, or unworthy things. Another bad habit to be guarded against is that of repeating scandalous stories, as that makes us party to the mischief done by them.

Mrs. E. C. recommends for discontent, discouragement and kindred trials, first, "Earnest prayer for help, this to be followed by equally earnest effort on our part to help ourselves." She also sends this little gem to comfort us:

Over our hearts and into our lives,
Shadows will sometimes fall;
But the sunshine is never wholly dead;
And Heaven is shadowless over our head,
And God is over all.

One, at least, of the Cozy Cornerites has been busy this summer as she has prepared 26 pounds of white carpet rags, and comes to-day to ask for a recipe for coloring them a good fast brown. She does not care to use Diamond dyes. Who can help her. Her name is Anna.

The following question involving a great deal of sorrow to some home where there is the silence which speaks always was sent to the Cozy Corner for insertion:

Killed—Is there among the readers of the Cozy Corner a mother of three sons, the father having come from Devonshire, England? One of the younger boys, perhaps the youngest, visited his home in Ohio sometime within the last three years, I think. He was a silver miner in Montana and perhaps elsewhere; has traveled extensively in the West; has been in Alaska, and in the South. On his way north he was run over by a train, near Towanda, Ill., on May 11, 1895, and killed. He was buried as "unknown." He was rather tall and muscular, with a stout neck, a rather prominent nose with downward curve, blue eyes, dark hair, a little inclined to curl, I think; face somewhat long. Should judge him to have been somewhere between 25 and 35 years of age. Somewhere in Ohio the mother will wait for the letter which can never come. For her sake I write, and pray these lines may reach her. If they do, and she wishes to write to me I will write her all I can of the last day of her boy's life.—M. J. Sachs, Towanda, Ill.

Then comes a practical question for the housekeeper from Mrs. R. B. Dayton which the editor hopes some one will answer, for can there be anything much worse than a "bad egg?"

Please tell me how eggs can be kept during the hot months until fall or winter without cold storage?

Now let some one who keeps track of the ways and means of doing these things help Myrtis out of her quandary:

Will some one tell me how to clean gilt picture frames and can the gilding be renewed after it is rubbed off in spots, if so, how?

Some one writes to the sufferer from asthma to tell how to prepare the muskrat skin for use.

Have it perfectly soft with water, flesh and grease all removed by scraping. Take 2 oz. Elix. Vitriol, 1-2 pt. common salt, 1pt corn meal, 1-2 gal. hot water, not boiling. Pour the salt into the water, dissolving it, put in the meal, stir well into water, then add the Elix. Vitriol, and be sure to stir very quickly, then put in the skin and stir constantly for five minutes with a stick, then take out and work with hands till perfectly dry, remove the meal from the fur by carding, combing or brushing out, then the skin is dressed and ready for use.—Bina.

Invalid: The medical man says onions are a most excellent remedy for nervousness, or nervous prostration, are good for all cases of coughs, colds, scurvy ,gravel or kindred diseases, and are said to be a certain cure for insomnia. Eaten every day they have an excellent effect upon the complexion, clearing and whitening it. If a small sprig or parsley is eaten immediately after onions, it is said to destroy the offensive odor that prevents many persons from eating the onions.

John J.:—The color of Milwaukee brick is due to the absence of iron in the clay of which they are made.—D.

Geo T. Cook:—Mercedes says, to 1 gallon of water add 6 or 8 handfuls of mullein. Boil this down to 1 pt. Pour off clear and add 1 pt. of cider vinegar and a handful of table salt. Bind the sprain with flannel well saturated with this. If this does not soon relieve the pain, use mullein leaves wet in the solution and bound on the sprain with flannel.

More and more friends are coming to visit in the Cozy Corner and the hostess is delighted to welcome them all. She has one request to make, and that is to remember that what each one has to say must be put in a brief way so that all may be heard. It is too bad to have good things lost because they are made to take up too much room.

Will those who have formed a reading circle or think they will do so for the winter communicate with the editor of the Household?

Measure not the work
Until the day's out and the labor done.
Then bring your gages.
If the day's work's scant, why—call it scant;
Affect on compromise, and honor it with truth.
In not with praise.

—Mrs. Browning.

THE COOK'S DEPARTMENT.

Several Friends Remember Her and Send Recipes This Week.

This week the cook has been suffering with the fashionable complaint—a bad cold. It is said that one might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion, but this particular fashion is by no means an agreeable one, and in search of comfort the cook strolled into the Cozy Corner, where she met Laura Golden who gave her the following recipe for a

Cough Syrup.

Break into small pieces a large stick of licorice and one-half pound of hoarhound candy. Put them in a large bottle with one-quarter pound of gum arabic. Pour on them slowly one pint of boiling water; shake the bottle frequently until all is dissolved, which will be in 24 hours. Add two tablespoonfuls each of paregoric, syrup of ipecac and of squills. Give an adult a tablespoonful a child of four or five years a teaspoonful. Shake it well before using, and keep in a cool place.—Laura Golden.

Anne Matim sends a recipe for old-fashioned gingerbread that she warranted to be good warm or cold, old or new and which can be eaten with impunity by invalids and dyspeptics.

Ginger Bread.

One cupful New Orleans molasses, one teaspoonful soda dissolved in one-half cupful hot water, butter or lard size of egg. Mix stiff enough to roll out about one inch thick, in flat pans, mark off in squares (size to eat) and bake in a rather slow oven. Handle as little as possible and do not get it too stiff. It takes practice to get it just right.

To Fry Sweet Potatoes.

Pare them raw and slice them about one-fourth of an inch thick, season with salt and pepper and fry in meat gravy or butter and lard mixed.—Anne Matlon.

Chow Chow.

One peck of green tomatoes, two dozen large onions, two large heads of cabbage, one pint of grated horseradish, one-half pound of white mustard seed, one-half pound of ground mustard, two ounces ground black pepper, one ounce celery seed, one-half ounce ground cinnamon, one-half ounce ground cloves, one ounce turmeric. Slice the tomatoes and onions very fine, cut the cabbage as for coarse slaw. Sprinkle all the vegetables (except horseradish) well with salt, and let stand over night. In the morning drain the brine off, and cover with equal parts of vinegar and water and leave standing a day or two, then pour off. Mix all the spices (except the ground mustard) through the vegetables and pack all, including the horseradish, in a jar. Boil one and one-half gallons of strong vinegar and pour over hot. Do this three mornings in succession, using the same vinegar each time. The last morning add two pounds of brown sugar when you put on to boil. Let it stand until cold, mix the ground mustard with the cold vinegar, stir into the whole and tie up tightly. It is considerable work but think you will like it.—Laura Golden.

A SINGULAR LIFE.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's Last and Best Story.

If Elizabeth Stuart Phelps had never written anything else; if all of the mental effort of her life-time had been crowded into the story of A Singular Life just finished in The Atlantic Monthly, still she would have deserved and received the hearty recognition which, sooner or later, comes to those who put the best there is within them into their work. From first to last this record of a life, wholly imaginative on her part it may or may not be, is vibrant with the intense expression of a soul that is keyed, for the time at least, to a realization of what the needs of humanity are, and what the endeavor to give the life to answering them costs the one who so endeavors.

A Singular Life is not a story in any ordinary sense of the word, and yet it is full of incident, of pathos, of tragedy; it tells of the beginning and growth of a love that endures, and must endure to all eternity, so full of strength and purity is it shown to be; it has mingled with its representation of all the sin and wickedness of a seaport town, the breath of the salt sea ever blowing through it with purifying influence. Windover becomes, as we read, as familiar as the cities wherein we dwell, and Angel's Alley, where was the mission with its flaming sign of Christ-love which told the wayfarer afar off that there he could learn of the love which would never fail him, is as real to us as if, like Bayard, we were often in its midst.

No doubt there are some who will say that the character of Bayard is an ideal one impossible in every day living, but I think they are mistaken. Rare they may be, but there are those whose self-abnegation, whose devotion to the work of lifting their fellow beings out of the shadow into the light are like his, and they sometimes go to their death as he did, with the light of the Beyond shining in their faces.

The volume when it comes from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., will find many readers, and few will rise from its perusal without an increased reverence for all those who, like Bayard, devote their lives unselfishly to the good of humanity.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

MAKE-OVERS AND FASHIONS.

The editor hoped some one would answer Modena's question this week, but as no one has done so, she will make some suggestions.

Modena, the best, the very best thing

you can do is to rip up your all wool cashmere, then take a piece and match it as closely as possible as to texture and color. Get enough new to make the skirt in style, and for the waist and lower part of the sleeves. Have these all dyed together a pretty color. Then make the skirt in pretty style, either perfectly plain or with a narrow band of velvet or open work insertion around the bottom. Get some pretty plaid silk for puffs to the sleeves, and for a full front something like the pattern shown in this department last week. The editor used an old dress in this way with excellent results.

Some one wanted a pattern for an outdoor dress for a girl of six or seven. The one given here is very pretty. It is made of pretty cloth warmly lined with a close sleeve, and then a large cape trimmed with braid and set on to the body in yoke shape. It is headed with silk pinked and made into a ruching, and the same goes around the neck.

Yes, white bolts with dark dresses, and white gloves are worn with dark dresses, but one wants to have a slender figure and dainty hands to wear them successfully. White shoes are also used sometimes with this costume.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS.

Come With Checks Made Rosy and Wits Sharpened by Crisp October.

Reports are received this week from Oregon and Minnesota—the following new subjects being announced by the respective presidents:

Oregon:—Miss Nora W. Sydon, Central Point, president. Subject: "The New Woman."

Minnesota:—Mr. E. Francis Atwood, Simpson, president. Subject: "Resolved, that newspapers have done more harm than good."

Miss Prudence urges upon the M. G. Rs. the necessity for their active aid in discussing the questions offered by these and other presidents. If, within the next month, more interest is not manifested in the various state departments, she will begin to think the Order is not doing the work for which it was organized, and will seriously debate the advisability of continuing the extra work entailed upon herself and the presidents by the present order of things.

The Missouri president reports no correspondence whatever on her subject, "How shall we teach patriotism?" and wishes to change it. Miss Prudence does not advise her to do so; it is a good topic, and one upon which every M. G. R. in Missouri should be able to write.

Wake up, boys and girls! If you wish to retain your presidents; if you wish your order to remain an organized body; if you do not wish to see it slip back into the nondescript correspondence column from which it came, go to work. Don't sit down quietly and wait for some one else to do the writing; do it yourself. Every one of you, if you do not give but one idea on the subject, will help to make up a total report that will encourage your president and greatly please your Chaperone.

The following new members were admitted to the Order to-day: Black Eyes, Bunk, Lena, Buffalo Bill, Massasoit, Mercedes, Consuelo, Walter Douglass, Yankee Farmer, Molly, Mrs. M. A. Moore, Mr. S. J. Moore, Mr. W. H. Bryan.

The old members who reported for duty were: Rex, X-10-U-8, Typesetter, Hazel Thornton, C. L. Kirby, Margaret, Shamrock, Henry Mae, New England Girl, Purity, Sweet Peas, Inda and Hawkeye Rob.

C. L. Kirby:—The address of your state president is Mr. Newton C. Myers, of Myers, Tenn. Thanks for new names.

New England Girl:—Thank you for the pen picture; it was very nicely done, as are all the specimens of your hand writing which I have received.

The present address of the Colorado president, Miss Josephine Williams, is Canon City, Col. Her "constituents" will please note the change.

Purity:—Condense your article to two pages of ordinary note paper, and it will be published. Remember, space is at a premium in this department.

Shamrock:—Miss Prudence fears the "school ma'ams" for whom you express so much enthusiasm, have failed in their duty in respect to the use of capital letters. Study up a little on this point, please, before writing again.

Inquirer:—All communications for this department should be addressed, "The Blade, Toledo, O., M. G. R."

Lena:—Your letter was too good to cut, and too long for this column. You will see it shortly in the Cozy Corner.

Molly:—Michigan has 36 members; its president is Miss Lela A. Peterson, of Brooklyn, and the subject now under discussion is: "Shall we have military exercises in our state for girls as well as for boys?"

Yankee Farmer:—Dialect is barred from the Order. Please put your very sensible views into good English, and send them in again.

Walter Douglass:—Your contribution to the president's report gained you a cordial welcome. Your name is on our list now.

Black Eyes, O.:—"I do not think woman's suffrage is a good idea. Before marriage a woman has enough to do to get an education, while afterward, if she has not enough confidence in her husband to allow him to vote for both, she had better have remained single."

Bunk, Ind.:—Though I am an old subscriber to The Blade, I wish you to understand I am not too aged to take a deep interest in everything I find in its columns. As to my pedigree, every one who peruses these lines will know at a glance that I belong to the worst family that ever was created, viz., the human family."

Buffalo Bill, O.:—"I agree with Lola that there is no harm in dancing or in novel-reading, but I do not agree with Whip-poor-will regarding bloomers. I think they are all right when girls are riding their wheels, though they ought not to be worn when they are walking."

Massasoit, O.:—"I see no more harm in a game of cards than in any other amusement, and I think Western Woodsman will have to keep his job, as none of the girls will be apt to take up with his offer."

Consuelo, Ind.:—"I live in one of the hilly counties in the state, and enjoy wandering over the hills and valleys gathering wild flowers. I am strong on woman suffrage, but do not think it proper for women to wear bloomers. I read the Bible a great deal; by reading three chapters each week-day and four chapters on Sunday I shall read it through with the exception of a few extra chapters in a year's time."

Mercedes, Ind.:—"I have thought of joining the M. G. R.'s for some time, and while my cousin (Consuelo) was visiting me, decided to write. I live in a county adjoining here which is quite unlike it, being very level, although the town I live in is on an elevation. There is a great deal of mining carried on in this section, and it is a good farming region. I read the Bible through last year by the plan described by my cousin."

Molly, Mich.:—"Paul, I think if men do not know better than to make brutes of themselves they should be prevented from doing so by law. Philosopher, I think some of our boys and girls are discussing things they know little about, or else they are just talking to see what some one else will be provoked to say. Helen Nouverne, I ride a wheel, but have never worn bloomers."

Margaret, N. Y.:—"I am in school now, and very busy. I find teaching is an occupation that grows more interesting as it grows familiar. Forest, if you have any new ideas on the subject, will you please divide with me? If you were here to-day, I would take you for a ramble through the woods. They are grand at this time of the year. I have just been on a chestnutting expedition, but found the squirrels were ahead of me. What has become of Philosopher, Sam Ignatius and Fabias? Penna, Granger, haven't we met before? Your name and sentiments are very much like those of one of my friends."

Merry Mae, Ind.:—"I live between two lakes; the one in front of our house is Puddletown lake, the one back of it is Manning lake. When we first came here Puddletown was full of fish, and the water came almost to the road. All the boys in the neighborhood came here to fish, often keeping at the sport all night. That was nine years ago, and now the lake is almost dry; it is filled with water lilies, but no boat can sail upon it."

New England Girl, Mass.:—"It is with fear and trembling that I again take my place among you. Thank you for the compliment, Madge Wylde. Doctor (?), I will answer your question by another; did not Christ have a mother, and was she not a woman? D. D. T., good for you! Come again. Western Woodsman, do not think that we should change places with you, just because we want to vote. I can endure bloomers, but when it comes to women proposing, I draw the line there most decidedly."

Shamrock, Md.:—"Sweet Marie, the Standard Oil company has a pipe line running down between Maryland and Pennsylvania, on the famous Mason and Dixon line. It is so dry here just now that boating is stopped on the C. and O. canal because of the lack of water. I say, Hurrah for the school-ma'ams; they gave me my education."

Sweet Peas, Penn.:—"I agree with Flo that men are women's superior in strength only. The girls of to-day are as an average smarter than the boys, many of whom think if they have a cigarette in their mouth and 'step up to the bar,' they are gentlemen; that is where they make a mistake."

Hawkeye Rob, Iowa:—"I deny that a lady can wear bloomers and keep the respect of her friends, and I do not think it necessary for women to ride wheels either for health or exercise. There are plenty of other modes of exercise; walking, riding horseback, playing tennis, etc. If I should meet a woman friend adorned with bloomers, I think I should drop her acquaintance. Chrysanthemum, I think that very few (if any) of the M. G. R. girls are single from preference. A woman's work is in the home, to keep it pure and dear to those who live there."

Inda, Mich.:—"I would like to ask Western Woodsman what he would do if some 'widder' with perhaps six little children to support should take him up? I am afraid by the time he had washed, ironed and cooked about a week, sitting down Saturday night to darn six pairs of little stockings, and to sew the missing buttons on six pairs of shoes that by the time the twelfth stocking was mended and the forty-ninth button was in place, he would say with a sigh:

TOO LITTLE AND TOO BIG.

To-day I asked my mamma if I could whittle,
Yes I did.
"Oh, no, my girlie," said she, "you're too little,"
So she did.
But Tom stepped so hard right on my toe,
I cried, I did.
She said, "Oh, you're too big a girl to cry out so."
That's what she did.
Why can't I cry if I am little?
Or, if I'm big, why can't I whittle?
—Exchange.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

Where are the members of the Blade Temperance Legion, and why do they not join the circle of The Merry-Go-Rounds? The latter organization has for one of its objects the promotion of temperance and good morals. With the desire for improvement and also to have a good time by fellowship with each other, great benefit and pleasure must follow. Join the nearest circle to your home, and help the rest to have a good time while making a good time for yourselves. The editor would like to hear from some of the old members of the Temperance Legion. Let her hear from you.

"SOME FELL BY THE WAYSIDE."

It was a wet, disagreeable day, and that for a country store means little business. It was no kind of a day for a woman to be out in, and that, probably, was the reason why Jane Cragin, in water-proof and rubbers, told Huxley to take care of things for an hour or so while she went out "to look around."

It was evident that she had no end in view. She stopped on the steps and watched the clouds as they dipped and drifted. She looked up the only street in the village, and saw nothing. She looked down, and nothing but a bend in the road just beyond the Wilkinson's claimed her attention, and the only thing there was the big tree that had forced the road out of a straight line. There might have been something in the drooping branches of the big elm that finally started her down that way, for trees do have a language of their own, and that morning the rain-pattered leaves did seem to beckon to the little woman, and away she went.

The walk down there was over the wet, gravelly road, bordered by the rain-beaded grass. She was prepared for both, and when she found that the elm was fooling her, and had really nothing at all to say, she wandered on, thinking that it was better after all to be out there where things were growing than to be shut up in the store and trying to add long columns of figures when she didn't feel like it.

What a pretty picture the river made as it crept out of the over-hanging alders into the green meadow, and then wound on to the old mill, where the hills came together to keep the ruin from going down with the then turbulent stream. The busy days of the mill had long been over. The flume was washed away, the shingles were partly gone, and the grant ribs of the roof stood out against the green trees on the hillside behind it. The wheel which had done good service was there—some of it. The rim still described its circle, but the buckets were mostly gone. Moss had crept over it; and the drizzling drops dripped from the wheel and fell into the pool below.

"All it needs," she said to herself as she looked at the pleasing picture, "is to have a troop of vigorous boys racing about it;" and even as she was saying it a "whoop!" from lusty lungs went bounding against the neighboring hillsides. One—three—where in the world did those five children, apparently all of an age, come from? Was there anybody living now in the old Woods house a little farther down the road? She would see later on, but now she must find out who these children were, and down she scrambled to the old ruin. A loosened stone rolled down to announce her coming, and as she stood at the entrance the children crowded forward to see who the intruder might be.

"Well, you younkets, a fine playground you have here. Aren't you afraid of falling on these old, wet timbers?"

"O, we don't care if we do. 'Twon't hurt us."

"Where do you live?"

"O, just down the road—on the old Woods place."

"I used to know the folks who lived there; but I don't know you. What is your name, boy?"

"My name's John Neely, and these are my brothers;" and the group stood wondering what was coming next.

"Well, I don't know that I have enough to go around, but you shall have what there is;" and Jane Cragin took from her pocket a package of sorted candies and passed them to John, the largest boy, expecting to see the others make a rush for the sweets; but they did nothing of the sort. With the air of a judge the boy sifted the candy into their waiting hands, keeping for himself the smallest amount. Jane began to be interested.

"How old are you, John?"

"Twelve."

"Do you go to school?"

"No, ma'am."

"Can you read?"

"No."

"Why don't you go to school?"

The boy's face fell for a moment; then, with an earnestness not often seen at twelve, he lifted his sober eyes to Miss Cragin's face, and said:

"Mother is too poor to send any of us to school. We can't any of us read or write; and mother says our clothes are not good enough for school. We have been living here for almost two years. Mother does all she can, and the rest of us do all we can, but we find it pretty hard sometimes."

"Is your father alive?"

A rush of red was followed by a pallor that made Miss Cragin wish she had not asked the question; but the boy, hesitating only a moment, went bravely on:

"No, ma'am; but a long time ago he ran away and left mother with all of us, and Joey was only a baby then. I was large enough to notice that mother cried for days and days, and when I tried to do all I could to help her, she stopped crying, and said she guessed it was for the best after all. I haven't seen her cry since. We have had some hard times, though, but unless we get too hungry we don't care for that. It isn't going to last much longer. I'm twelve now and going on thirteen, and while I'm not large for my age, I can soon get something to do to bring in a little money, and then we shall be all right. Mother earns almost enough so that we don't suffer much, and when I get to work and earning something we can have all we want and a little besides. Don't you suppose I'm almost large enough to do something in the village? If I could only come up there sometime and come home and tell mother that I can earn three dollars a week she'd be the gladdest mother in all the world. Do you live in the village; and don't you think I could?"

"I think you can. Get your cap and come right along to the village with me."

"I haven't any cap, so we needn't wait a minute. Shall we go now?"

They started at once; and the children went home to report what had become of John. It showered a little before they reached the store, but Jane's waterproof was equal to the emergency,and if there had been any doubt about it before they started, it was shortly afterwards ascertained that the home in the old Woods place was in need of everything that makes living desirable.

Business in the Milltown store on Jane's arrival at once became brisk. All hands were at it, and the boxes and bundles that went into that wagon were something extensive; and when, shortly after, Cyrus drove off with John, comfortably clad, on the seat beside him, it was hard to tell who was the gladdest—John in his new suit, Huxley with his load of goods, or warm-hearted Jane Cragin as she watched them drive away to the deserted, work-worn woman, who for so many weary years had learned almost enough to keep her children from suffering much!"

The next day Miss Cragin called at the Woods place. She was warmly welcomed; and when the conversation about the goods delivered was over, it was found that Miss Cragin had a scheme which she hoped, with Mrs. Neely's help, to carry out. There was an empty house, not far from the store corner, and it could be cheaply rented. She had thought of this because they needed a boy to run on errands in the store. They had fixed on John, and in that case he must be near. They would pay him three dollars a week; and Mrs. Neely, by being in the village would find more outside work to do, and would get along much better than where she was. Would she be willing to take the cottage?

A week later found a very happy woman and five very happy children taking care of the cottage and its surroundings. The boy John soon made himself a necessity in the store, and a good many years afterwards Jane Cragin was heard to remark that that walk in the rain was the best walk she ever took; and Huxley, hearing her, would answer, "Yes, and that load of goods we took over to the Woods place has paid for itself more than a hundred fold."—Richard Malcolm Strong.

OUR WONDER COLUMN

1.—WHO WAS SHE?

She was the daughter of a provincial actor, and was born at Brecon in South Wales, on July 8, 1755. When a mere child she acted at a benefit given her father, and until her fifteenth year was a regular member of his company. She was married at Trinity church Coventry, November 26, 1773, and went with her husband to act at the Cheltenham theater. On the 28th December, 1775, she made her first appearance at Drury Lane theater in London, acting Portia, in The Merchant of Venice. She failed to secure a re-engagement and left London in 1776, returning in 1782 to run a career of triumph as the greatest actress of her time. In 1794 her popularity was temporarily obscured, but with this trifling exception until the 29th of June, 1812, when she took leave of the public, her course was one long series of successes. She died June 8, 1831.

CLEO DAVIS.

2.—ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

Having a hollow globe 12 inches inside diameter, what is the altitude of the largest equilateral triangular pyramid that can be enclosed within it?

N. BOLT.

3.—WORD SQUARE.

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News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

THE TIFFIN RIOT.

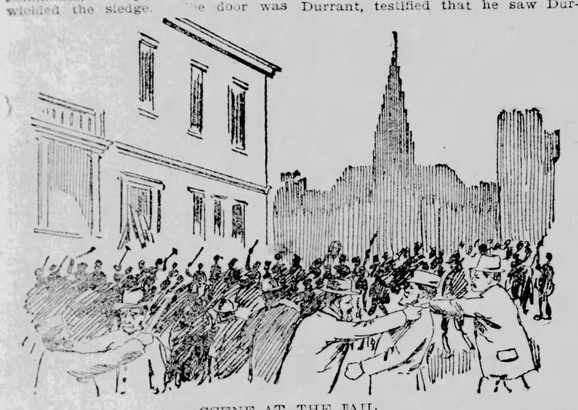
Murderer Martin's Life Sought by an Angry Mob.

Tiffin, O., Oct. 28.—In an attempt to revenge the murder of August Shultz, Tiffin's popular city marshal, who was shot down in cold blood by Leander J. Martin, alias Williams, whom he was attempting to arrest, last Wednesday night, two more victims have been added to the tragedy.

At 1:15 Sunday morning men gathered on the lawn about 50 feet from the jail, and in a moment about 30 others joined them. Then a sharp whistle was heard, and out of an alley on the opposite side of the street and a little to the west, rushed fully 300 men, the leaders carrying a rope and several sledge hammers, with which to accomplish their work. The sledges were procured at a stone quarry, and the rope was thick enough to hang a dozen men.

As the mob made the rush towards the jail they emitted yells that were blood-curdling. A squad of policemen who had stationed themselves on the steps, were whisked to one side as though they were so many straws. Officer Keiffer, who made a brave and fierce resistance, was struck on the head with a sledge and kicked brutally. Officer Fisher was thrown against a brick wall, partially stunning him, and Officer Hennessy was tumbled over in the grass and kept there by a ruffian, who held a murderous looking club over him, and promised death if he did not lie still. The other officers were treated in the same manner.

The mob went direct to the side entrance, and commenced the onslaught on the door with their sledges. Michael Schmidutz, a powerful teamster, wielded the sledge. The door was



SCENE AT THE JAIL.

broken in splinters in a short time. With each blow the fury of the crowd increased. When the entrance was gained, there was a wild rush and the hallway was filled with excited men. Sheriff VanNest and three men stood in the opposite end. The sheriff appealed to the mob bravely and strongly several times, asking them to disperse. The men only grew fiercer.

The entrance to the corridor is first protected by a heavy sheetiron door. The lock was broken off with a few blows, and then there remained the heavy grating. Then it was that the guards who were in that portion began to fire. At first they shot over the heads of the mob. The men swore to kill every person inside and to show their purpose they began to fire at the guards.

Henry Mutschler, the first man killed, was the one who carried the rope. He was shot through the left temple, the ball coming out at the right side, and died instantly. Then Christ Matz received a bullet through his heart. He was also picked up dead.

Mutchler was aged 23 years and Matz 33, and both were unmarried.

This awful result and the evident determination of the guards awed the would-be lynchers, and they left the place cursing and shouting more wildly than ever. Vic Vindone, a young Italian laborer, left with the intention of getting dynamite to blow up the building, but he never put in an appearance after. While in the midst of the attack he rushed upon a daughter of the sheriff and threatened to kill her. Another fellow had a revolver close to the heart of Andrew Greer, a one-armed son-in-law of the sheriff, and pulled the trigger, but it missed fire and the next instant the one hand of Greer knocked the would-be assassin to the floor. The sheriff's family were up stairs, and one of the mob, seeing them at the head of the stairs, rushed viciously at them, but some one threw him headlong to the bottom.

Between 3 and 4 o'clock, after the mob had moved further down the street, Martin, the prisoner, was handcuffed, taken through a side door, and then to a side alley, where a carriage was in waiting. Police Captain Sweeney then took him to Sandusky county as fast as the horses could carry them.

Many people refused to believe that the prisoner had been taken away, and at 10 o'clock a crowd numbering hundreds started to make another attack, but wiser counsel prevailed. Finally, to pacify them, one of their number, who knew the murderer, was allowed to search the building. He did not find the prisoner, and so informed the crowd, but they refused to believe him. Then Company E, of the Second Regiment, of this city, was called to guard the building. Sunday afternoon the crowd again surrounded the place. They became so determined that a committee of six well known citizens again searched the building from cellar to garrett. Among the party was Mayor Rex, who, when they had finished their search, appeared on the front steps of the building and in behalf of the committee said the man could not be found. Captain Faulkner, who had just returned from Sandusky county, spoke to the crowd also. They could not help but be satisfied, and the greater part dispersed.

In response to Governor McKinley's orders, Company I, of the Sixteenth Regiment, O. N. G., of thirty-five men, Company D, Sixteenth, with forty-five men, and Companies G and I, of Kenton, arrived early in the evening and a strict guard will be kept for several days. Many wild threats to lynch the sheriff and to kill his guards were heard, but it is believed there will be no serious trouble when the excitement has cooled off. Adjutant General Howe and Colonel J. A. Kuert came with the Kenton special. Over two hundred guardsmen are here.

ROSE'S CHALLENGE WITHDRAWN.

He Will Not Try for the American's Cup Next Year.

New York, Oct. 23.—The following correspondence by cable, showing that Mr. Charles D. Rose, the challenger for the America's cup, through the Royal Victoria Yacht club, has decided to withdraw his challenge, was posted on the bulletin board of the New York Yacht club to-day:

Newmarket, Oct. 23.—Oddie, secretary New York Yacht club: Owing to the general impression that my challenge might be construed as an expression of opinion on the result of the late race, I much regret having to ask you to withdraw the same.
(Signed.) CHARLES D. ROSE.

Charles D. Rose, Berkeley Square, London. Cable announcing withdrawal of your challenge received.
ODDIE, Secretary.

Rude, Oct. 23.—Secretary New York Yacht club: Have received letter from Rose, withdrawing challenge for America's cup. Have called committee. Will mail you officially.
THELLUSSON.

Thellusson, Secretary Royal Victoria Yacht club, Ryde, England: Your cable this date received.
ODDIE, Secretary.

THE DURRANT CASE.

Statement by Dr. Graham Sweeps Away His Defense.

San Francisco, Oct. 23.—Durrant's defense is finished. A conservative estimate of it shows it to be woefully weak. Its entire fabric was almost destroyed by the first witness for the prosecution, in rebuttal.

Dr. Graham, who is a medical student and an intimate friend of Durrant, told of a sensational interview that took place between himself and the prisoner at the county jail on April 20. Durrant asked him if he would let him see his notes of Dr. Cheney's lecture in order that he might compare them with his own. Graham demurred at first, after which he said Durrant stated frankly to him that he had no notes of the lecture. He said Durrant told him if he had the notes of the lecture he could easily establish a strong alibi for himself, and urged him to leave the notes with Mrs. Durrant in order that she might bring them to him at the prison. Dr. Graham said he refused the request, and never afterwards visited Durrant at the prison.

Dr. Graham's story was not shaken in any particular on cross-examination. While he was testifying the jurors watched Durrant closely, but he gave no sign to indicate that he considered the testimony of any importance.

The first witnesses called in rebuttal by the prosecution were the five trustees of Emanuel church. While Durrant was on the stand he testified that he was asked to repair the gun burner at Emanuel church on April 1, by the trustees. The trustees denied that they had asked Durrant to make repairs of any kind at the church during March or April.

Witnesses were next called to disprove Durrant's statement that on the afternoon of April 12 he was at the ferry for the purpose of searching for Blanche Lamont, who, he said, a mysterious stranger had told him would cross the bay that afternoon. C. W. Dodge, a medical student, said he saw Durrant at the ferry, and the prisoner told him he was waiting for a number of members of the signal corps who were expected from Oakland.

C. A. Dukes, an old schoolmate of Durrant, testified that he saw Durrant at the ferry the same afternoon in company with a young woman who answered the description of Minnie Williams. It is known that Minnie Williams came over from her home in Alameda that afternoon, and next day her body was found in Emanuel church. It is the theory of the prosecution that instead of being at the ferry to look for Blanche Lamont, Durrant was there for the purpose of meeting Miss Williams and luring her to her death.

E. A. Glasor, a student at the medical college, testified that on the afternoon of April 10, Durrant asked him to read aloud his notes of Dr. Cheney's lecture. Glasor says he read his notes to Durrant, who devoted three quarters of an hour to writing in his note book.

From the present outlook the case will go to the jury not later than the close of next week, after having been on trial since July 22.

The Examiner says that the contents of the mysterious letter which was to be opened in case Theodore Durrant is convicted are known. In this letter it is said Durrant makes the statement that he saw the last details of the murder, and saw Rev. J. George Gibson and another man prominent in church affairs bending over the body of Blanche Lamont. The Examiner says that although Durrant requested his lawyers not to open the letter until he was convicted, they have opened it, and so remarkable were the statements it contained, that even they did not believe them, and refrained from using them in Durrant's defense.

UTAH DEMOCRATS.

Their Convention of September 5 Reconvened.

Salt Lake, Utah, Oct. 23.—The Democratic territorial convention which was held at Ogden, September 5, was re-convened here yesterday. The call was read, stating the purposes for which the delegates were called together. All officers of the original convention held at Ogden were made permanent, O. W. Powers, of the Democratic campaign committee, being permanent chairman. A committee on credentials was also appointed, also a committee composed of one member from each county to formulate an address to the people. Recess was then taken.

At the evening session the committee on address presented a very lengthy report, the larger part of which was a review of the religion and politics of the people of Utah from the first settlement of this valley up to the present time. While no charge is made against the church itself, an open charge is made that some individuals in the Mormon church are using church influence to further the cause of the Republican party, and that such influence resulted in the election of a Republican ticket at the last election. The address closes as follows:

"We declare the truth to be: That man may worship his Maker as his conscience dictates; that no state nor political party has the right to interfere with this great privilege; that man's first allegiance, politically, is to his country; that no church, ecclesiastical body, no spiritual adviser should encroach upon the political rights of the individual.

"Thus believing wherever designing men have seized upon the cloak of religion to hide from view their nefarious designs and, and while appealing to man's spiritual faith, have sought to control his political action for selfish ends, the Democratic party, since its organization, has denounced such a course. It has declared in the past, and it declares now, for every man's political freedom, whatever may be the governmental views of those who guide his spiritual welfare.

"We, therefore, in the most solemn manner, say that we will not be dictated, interfered with or hindered in our political duties by those selected to minister to us the consolation of gospel. The people being sovereign in this free land, to the people we make our appeal. The church being the source of man's religion, to the church we appeal when we so desire, with regard to matters affecting the conscience.

"We call upon the Democrats of Utah, men, women and children, and all other people who sympathize with our efforts to secure political freedom, to assemble in every hamlet throughout the territory on the evening of Wednesday, the 30th day of October, 1895, at their usual places of meeting, then and there to read this declaration; to listen to such remarks as may be properly made in connection therewith, and to solemnly consecrate themselves, their efforts, their property and all that they hold dear, if need be, to this cause of human liberty.

"And this cause, with the help of one who holds the universe in the hollow of his hand, we will ever advance and maintain."

Honolulu—The board of health has lifted the quarantine and Honolulu is once more a clean port. No cases of cholera have been reported for over two weeks, and there is reason to believe that the trouble has been eradicated.

H. H. HOLMES ON TRIAL.

The Greatest of Modern Criminals Fighting for Life.

Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 28.—H. H. Holmes, who, according to his own remarkable confessions, stands at the head of the list of modern criminals,

H. H. HOLMES.

was put on trial in the court of Oyer and Terminer, this morning, for the murder of Benjamin F. Peitzel.

Arraigned against him as the commonwealth's prosecutors are District Attorney George S. Graham, and his special assistant, Thomas W. Barlow, while the counsel for the prisoner are William A. Shoemaker and Samuel P. Rotan, young members of the junior bar of this city.

A sensation was created at the trial by counsel for the prisoner withdrawing at Holmes's request, after they had made an ineffectual attempt to secure a postponement. Holmes is conducting his own case.

One juror had been admitted by the comonwealth when there was another sensation.

Holmes arose in the dock, and in a quavering voice said to Judge Arnold: "May it please the court, I have no inclination to continue with the trial of the case with Mr. Rotan and Mr. Shoemaker as my counsel, feeling that, in view of their desire to withdraw, my interests would be damaged. I therefore discharge them as my counsel."

"You cannot discharge them, Mr. Holmes," answered Judge Arnold. "That is for the court, and if they withdraw from this case they will be punished."

"If," continued Holmes, his tones still more tremulous, "if your honor will give me until to-morrow to secure additional counsel—"

"We will have no more debate, Mr. Holmes; the matter is decided."

The examination of jurors was about to proceed with when Shoemaker again arose and stated that the prisoner absolutely forbade them from representing him in the case, and declared that he (Holmes) would examine the jurors and witnesses himself.

Judge Arnold said he would permit Holmes to question the jurors if he so desired while counsel considered the question of their proceeding.

Holmes armed himself with pencil and paper, and Enoch Turner, the first juror was turned over to him for examination. He had already stated, in answer to Mr. Graham, that he had formed an opinion in the case, but that he could nevertheless try it according to the evidence.

Holmes began with the surprising querry: "Mr. Turner, are you a married man? Are you physically well? Are you in a condition to serve in this case without delaying it?"

Receiving satisfactory answers, he took up the question of having formed an opinion, and challenged peremptorily.

The next man, Frederick Slump, grocer, had formed no opinion and was accepted both by Mr. Graham and by Holmes.

At this juncture Messrs. Rotan and Shoemaker arose and declared that they felt obliged to withdraw from the case regardless of consequences.

"You must take the consequences then," said the judge, and the two lawyers, without further ado, left the court room.

Still determined to have no delay, however, the commonwealth's officers consulted with the judge and then called upon Everett A. Schofield and J. M. Fahy, young members of the bar, who agreed to assume the grave responsibility with all the aid possible from Mr. Graham.

Holmes, however, objected on the ground that as he knew nothing of these gentlemen, he did not care to entrust his life to them. "As far as aid from Mr. Graham is concerned," he added with unveiled bitterness, "I have had abundant proof in the past year what promises of aid from the district attorney's office means. May I be allowed a postponement till to-morrow to see Mr. R. O. Moon, who is already familiar with the case, and whom I know I can engage?"

"Do you then refuse to allow these gentlemen to defend you?"

"I do, sir. If I am not allowed the continuance until to-morrow, I must ask to try the case myself."

"Well, we will go on to-day," said the judge, "and we will see about your engaging Moon later on."

At 1:45 p. m. the twelve jurymen had been selected, and the court then took a recess until 3 p. m. Lawyer Moon declined to participate in the case unless a continuance was granted, and as Judge Arnold declined to do this, Holmes will have to act as his own lawyer.

THE INVITATIONS OUT

For the Wedding of the Duke and Miss Consuelo.

New York, Oct. 23.—Invitations to the wedding of Miss Vanderbilt and the Duke of Marlborough were issued yesterday. They read:

"Mrs. William Kissam Vanderbilt requests the honor of your presence at the marriage of her daughter, Consuelo, to the Duke of Marlborough, on Wednesday, November 6, at 12 o'clock, at Saint Thomas's church, Fifth avenue."

Two cards accompany each invitation. One is for the ceremony at the church and the other for the breakfast and reception at Mrs. Vanderbilt's house. The police department will assign 50 officers for duty at the church and half the number at the reception. Police lines will be extended to the limits of the church property. The instructions are to allow no one on the church corner, but the opposite side of the street will be free to the public. Several magnificent wedding presents have been ordered sent back to England on account of the customs duties. Vice Consul Fraser, of the British consulate, has endeavored to have the Treasury Department permit of the articles being sent to the house and then returned, but without avail. A duty of $60 has been assessed on one handsome diamond brooch which the duke yesterday ordered sent back. A gift from Queen Victoria will meet the same fate.

Counties on a Cash Basis.

Columbia, S. C., Oct. 28.—The constitutional convention discussed to-day the matter of issuing state bonds for the purpose of putting the business counties on a cash basis. It is proposed that the counties pay back this money in twenty years at a low rate of interest, the proceeds to go into the state treasury as a sinking fund. No definite action was taken.

TALMAGE STIRS WASHINGTON.

His Call for Police Service Staggers Capital City Officials.

Washington, Oct. 26.—The first minister who ever called for the aid of the police in Washington was Dr. T. De Witt Talmage. Dr. Talmage will preach his first sermon at the First Presbyterian church Sunday evening, and yesterday called upon Major Moore, the chief of police, and asked him what arrangements he had made for furnishing police for the services. Major Moore said that the churches of Washington had never required the aid of police before, and he had not thought of the matter. Dr. Talmage replied, however, that in Brooklyn and in New York he had always required the aid of police when he preached, and he presumed he would need the same assistance in Washington. It is expected that there will be an immense crowd at the church, and Dr. Talmage requested that a squad of police be sent to handle the crowd and direct the drivers of vehicles.

WORDS FAILED HER,

But a Kiss She Had and Gave It to Her Rescuer.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 26.—W. L. Lightheart, of Freeport, Ill., rescued a pretty young woman from death yesterday afternoon and got a kiss from her for his heroism and presence of mind. He was crossing State street at Madison, when the young woman slipped and fell in front of a cable car not more than ten feet away. The Freeport man, who was waiting for the train to pass, grasped the situation and the affrighted young woman almost at the same instant, and, lifting her to his shoulders jumped clear of the train, now almost upon him.

The girl was so overjoyed and thankful that she could not find words to express herself, so she just twisted her arms around Lightheart's neck and kissed him. Then she straightened her headgear and disappeared before any one in the crowd which gathered could learn her name.

COACHMAN CRAZE REVIVED.

Daughter of a Millionaire Brewer Steps Down a Peg.

Chicago, Oct. 26.—Edna Schmidt, youngest child of K. G. Schmidt, the millionaire brewer, knelt by her mother's grave in Graceland cemetery last Tuesday morning, celebrated her eighteenth birthday that afternoon, and next day eloped with the coachman her father had discharged three weeks before.

The first intimation the family had that Edna had eloped was when a note was found in Mr. Schmidt's room which ended as follows: "When you read this I shall be married."

"I have seen no marriage license published," said Mr. Schmidt last night, "so I suppose they went to Milwaukee to be married. I have made no effort to stop them, and shall make none. Edna came of age yesterday, and of course could do as she pleased. They must be content with the lot they have chosen."

HERE'S A POINTER, GROVER!

Ex-Senator Dolph Tells How to Deal With the Foreign Questions.

Portland, Ogn., Oct. 29.—Ex-Senator J. N. Dolph, who was for several years a prominent member of the foreign relations committee of the United States Senate, in an address delivered at the Channing club, on the foreign policy of the United States, said of the Venezuela question: "There are but two courses for the United States to pursue, one of which is to abandon the Monroe doctrine and to no longer protest against European aggression, monarchial domination on this hemisphere, and submit to the humiliation such a course would bring upon us. The other is to enforce our policy concerning affairs on this continent by prompt and if necessary by intervention and the ultimate arbitration of the sword.

"We should also extend to Cuba the Monroe doctrine and take the island under the protection of the American flag if necessary."

ALMOST BROKE A RECORD.

American Liner, St. Paul, Ploughed the Ocean Right Briskly.

New York, October 28.—The new American line steamer St. Paul, Captain Jamison, dropped anchor in quarantine at 3:44 this morning, having made her maiden voyage from Southampton to this port in the remarkably fast time of 6 days 17 hours and 51 minutes.

Had it not been for the fact that the port engine was stopped on Oct. 23 for 21 hours, owing to a defective air pump, the St. Paul would no doubt have broken all records from Southampton.

This is all the more apparent from the fact that one day's run showed the splendid average speed of nearly 21 1-2 knots for 24 hours.

FOUND HIS WIFE.

She Was Another's, but Will Get a Divorce and Marry First Husband.

Newark, O., Oct. 28.—Chatham, this county, returns an "Enoch Arden" story with a moral. At the beginning of the war Edward Simpson left his wife and child for the front, and at this late day returns to find his wife had taken the precaution after fifteen years to procure a divorce before remarrying.

Four years later her second husband deserted her, and she has had to struggle along, caring for her family alone.

The returned husband has been living in the West, and returns here well provided with this world's goods. She will probably get a divorce and marry Simpson again.

SLAP AT NICHOLSON LAW.

Indianapolis Judge Held It Unconstitutional.

Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 25.—Judge Cox, of the police court, in a test case to-day, held the Nicholson liquor law constitutional. The section in question was the one forbidding persons other than the saloonkeeper and his family to enter the saloon in prohibited hours. The defendant was Frederick Brandt, who has a restaurant attached to his saloon. Under to-day's ruling, restaurants to which bars are attached will have to close when the bars are shut up. An appeal is probable. Judge Stubbs, from the same court, before retiring from office a month ago, held this section unconstitutional.

DEATH OF A MONEY MAKER.

James M. Wilcox, Who Manufactured Bank Note Paper.

Haverford, Pa., Oct. 25.—James M. Wilcox, president of the American Cement Company, director of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, and largely identified with other corporate interests, died last night. Mr. Wilcox, who was 71 years old, was long engaged in the manufacture of United States bank note paper, and produced the "localized fibre" paper used by the government for its notes and bonds.

Political Rottenness Divulged.

Lexington, Mo., Oct. 25.—In the Kansas City election fraud case yesterday, I. H. Bradburg, formerly foreman of a street gang in Kansas City, said that at the instance of Alderman John Moran, he had taken his men to several different polling places previous to last fall's election, and registered them each time. When afraid of detection at one time, Moran assured him that it was all right, "that Recorder of Voters Owsley knew it."

How German Laborers Are Insured.

Washington, Oct. 28.—United States Consul Germain at Zurich, Switzerland, has supplied the state department with an interesting report upon the operation of Germany's law for the insurance of laborers against sickness, accident and old age, which has now been in operation for ten years. It appears that there has been paid on account of this insurance from the time the law went into effect $437,500,000, the government, the employers and the employes sharing the expense.

Volcano Story Exploded.

Port Townsend, Wash., Oct. 28.—The exploring party which went into the Olympic mountains seeking evidences of an alleged volcano ascertained that the smoke and flames emanated from a deep ravine leading down from the mountain peak, and which was filled with dead timber. In the same ravine is a lead of lignite coal, which was ignited, and as the fire followed up the vein caving boulders and falling earth caused the flames to ascend similar to volcanic fires.

VENEZUELA.

History of British Aggression on Her Territory.

Washington, Oct. 26.—It is necessary, in order to understand the Venezuelan dispute clearly, that the history of the boundary between Venezuela and British Guiana should be known. Great Britain obtained that slice of Guiana of the Dutch. Venezuela was originally a Spanish colony. So the question goes back to the boundary, as established between Spain and Holland. This, unfortunately, is in doubt. Venezuela has always claimed that the Essequibo river is the original boundary.

The "Schomburgk Line."

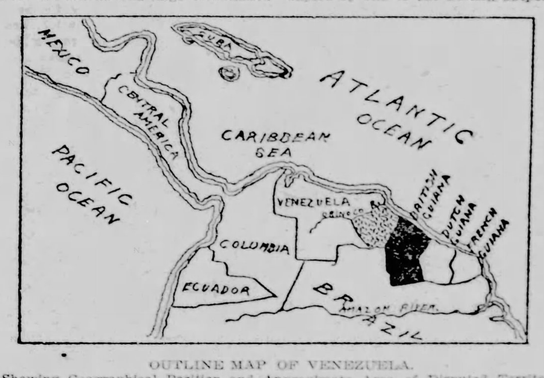
The present dispute arose about 1840, when Lord Aberdeen, the British premier, sent out Sir Robert Schomburgk ostensibly to "survey and mark out the boundaries of British Guiana." What he did was really to take in more territory, the end of his line almost reaching the mouth of the Orinoco. The line which now bears his name may be described as follows:

Beginning near the headwaters of the Esequito river, some five degrees due south from its mouth, it proceeds to the River Maju, which it crosses near the fourth parallel; it thence de-

MAP SHOWING THE VARIOUS BOUNDARY LINES.

viates southwestward to Mount Roraima, and crosses the Mazarumi river near its headwaters, some two degrees due west from the banks of the Essequito at its nearest point; it then deflects a little to the northward, and, crossing the Great Cuyuni river, passes southward near the waters of the Barima, and thence to the mouth of the Amacura above the delta of the Orinoco, thus allotting to Great Britain not only the entire Atlantic coast between the Essequito and the Orinoco, but also a large section of country in the interior.

The placing of these marks of foreign dominion created a great sensation throughout Venezuela, and upon complaint being made to the British government Venezuela was assured that "the marks and flags established



OUTLINE MAP OF VENEZUELA.

Showing Geographical Position and Approximate Area of Disputed Territory. The Black Spot Shows England's Present Possessions; the Dotted Territory Adjoining the New Territory Claimed.

by Engineer Schomburgk were in no way intended as an encroachment or a desire on the part of England to occupy the territory, but was simply a means of preparing for the discussion of the boundary question between Venezuela and England, and not done, as Venezuela seemed to fear, with the intention of indicating dominion or empire.

The President of the Republic dispatched a commission to Georgetown, the capital of British Guiana, in 1886, and its members presented a protest to the Venezuelan consul, in which they said:

"As one of the many proofs that Venezuela has of Great Britain's having coincided with these ideas, I enclose a copy of the note written on the 26th of May, 1836, by the British legation in Caracas, urgently asking for the erection of a lighthouse at Point Barima."

The British governor replied to this protest in a most insulting manner, saying that he was instructed to refer the commissioners to a notice published in the London Gazette by authority of her majesty's government, referring to the dispute, calling attention to the fact that grants of land within the territory claimed by England had been made by Venezuela, and adding that no rights of any persons to the land would be accepted or recognized by Great Britain.

Then came the open rupture between England and Venezuela, the former sending constables into Venezuela's territory, arresting her citizens and sending them to prison in Georgetown. Senor Diego B. Urbanaja, minister of foreign affairs of Venezuela, was then instructed by President Guzman Blanco to frame the document which ultimately severed the diplomatic relations between the two countries. It was dated January 26, 1887, and was addressed to the Hon. F. R. St. John, British minister at Caracas.

Minister Andrade, the representative of Venezuela at Washington, says: "The British have really modified the Schomburgk line twice; once by Lord Granville, who receded from it a considerable distance, thus admitting the line had originally been run fancifully. Again it was modified, but only by extension of it to embrace a great deal more territory, and when we protested against that they moved their line still farther toward the center of Venezuela. Now they urgently ask us to give up all claim to territory behind the Schomburgk line and say if we yield they will arbitrate all outside that line. It is a monstrous proposition and Venezuela will never yield to it."

The Territory in Dispute.

"The disputed territory consists of something like 80,000 square miles," added Minister Andrade, "or a region about as large as your state of Kansas or the state of Minnesota. It is now principally mountain and wilderness, though it embraces a great deal of uplands valuable for coffee plantations. The forests are very rich. Discoveries of gold are important, and the quantity of the precious metal taken out chiefly by placer mining is yearly increasing. The value of these gold mines has been one impelling cause of British aggression, for most of the mining has been done by prospectors starting out from British Guiana. Except a few miners and woodcutters the disputed territory is almost without inhabitants. A few thousand Indians and negroes lead a sort of nomadic life in the region. I see a London newspaper advances the doctrine that because the British have held a part of this territory some years and have settled and improved it their title is perfected. While we do not concede any amount of settlement and improvement could perfect their title in property which never belonged to them as a matter of fact they have made no important settlements. They have 200 or 300 people at Barima and one or two other small trading posts. They have made no agricultural settlements, they have not reclaimed the wilderness. If it were not for the woodcutting and the gold mines, above all the gold, there would be no English in all that territory.

"The valuable gold deposits are within the original Schomburk dine," the minister explained, "and perhaps this is one reason why Great Britain adheres so valiantly to her claim of territorial sovereignty up to this line and refuses to talk of arbitration within it. That line, you of course know, was run arbitrarily, capriciously, without much regard to the topography of the country or anything else, excepting only a desire to embrace the gold fields and a lot of country beyond. If there is any valid defense for the Schomburk line there would be just as good defense for a line thrown out by means of the imagination and a surveyor's chain 400 miles to the west, or right through the heart of Venezuela."

The Yuruan Incident.

The Yuruan incident, mentioned in the reports of England's dispute with Venezuela, grows directly out of the action of Great Britain and Venezuela in occupying the disputed territory with small outposts. Yuruan is a point on the Cuyuni river, near the mouth of Yuruan river, which was occupied by one of the British outposts, in charge of Sergeant Berhans, of the colonial police of British Guina. This point is within what the British government itself admits to be disputed territory, being not only on the Venezuelan side of the Schomburgk line, but even beyond the lines proposed by Lords Aberdeen and Granville, which are the most westerly lines that have ever been definitely proposed by the British foreign office. It is in the immediate neighborhood of some of the richest gold fields in that region, which were being developed under Venezuelan jurisdiction long before the British ever asserted the shadow of a claim to that part of the country.

Sergeant Behrans and a small force of colonial police were occupying Yuruan, it is asserted by the Venezuelan government, in spite of warnings to evacuate, and finally last fall they were arrested by Venezuelan police, who outnumbered them and were taken to a point in Venezuela where they were imprisoned until a protest was received from the colonial government of British Guiana, when they were released. Sergeant Berhans first returned to British Guiana and reported to the colonial authorities. He was then ordered to Caracas, where he laid his case before the British colonial office, with the result that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the secretary of state for the colonies, has urged the colonial authorities to take steps to plant Maxim guns at Yuruan and other places along the frontier of Great Britain's claims.

The Venezuelan government, at the time of the release of Berhans and his followers, reimbursed them for the clothing and other personal effects which they said they had lost at the time of their arrest. Berhans has reported to his home government, however, that he and his men were roughly handled by the Venezuelan police, and it is for this and the imprisonment to which they were subjected, as well as for the indignity inflicted upon Great Britain by the arrest of her colonial officials, that claims for further indemnity have been made by Lord Salisbury.

IN ARMENIA AGAIN.

Turkish Savages Kill, Burn, Steal and Ravish.

Constantinople, Oct. 28.—Another terrible massacre of Armenians, accompanied by the outraging of women, is reported to have occurred quite recently in the Balburt district between Erzeroun and Trebizond. According to the news received here a mob of about 500 Mussulmans and Lazes, the great majority of whom were armed with Martini-Henry rifles, made an attack upon the Armenians inhabiting several villages of that vicinity and set fire to their houses and schools. As the Armenians fled in terror from their dwellings, they were shot down and a number of men and women who were captured by the rioters, it is added, were fastened to stakes and burned alive. The Armenian women who fell into the hands of the mob, it is also asserted, were outraged and brutally mutilated. It is also stated that the churches were desecrated and the villages pillaged, the cattle and all the portable property of any value belonging to the Armenians being carried off by the marauders. During the disturbance 150 Armenians are reported to have been killed. The surviving villagers applied to the governor of Balburt for protection who, after hearing their complaint, sent three policemen to the scene of the massacre, after the slaughter was ended.

The Turkish officials, it is claimed, know the ringleaders of the outbreak but apparently no steps have been taken to arrest them. The number of Armenians massacred at Erzingjan is now said to be several hundred.

The Turks, it is stated, have also attacked the Armenians in the district of Gumushdagh, near Trebizond, and have slaughtered many of them.

QUIET RESTORED IN CHINA.

The Lopping Off of Heads Had a Salutary Effect.

New York, Oct. 23.—A cable from Foo Chow to the World says: The consular commission has completed its work and will leave Kucheng on Thursday.

It is expected that four more leaders will be executed, and that this will end the infliction of capital punishment at this time.

Quiet has been restored throughout the province. The missionaries have again begun to visit the missionary stations in the interior.

China Tortured Murderers.

Vancouver, B. C., Oct. 24.—The steamship Empress of Japan brings advices from the Orient as follows: Seven of the murderers were executed at the south gate of the city. All the members of the commission were present with the exception of Captain Newell and Rev. W. Bannister. The scene was a gruesome one, only one head being severed at the first blow, the others being chopped and the unfortunate wretches being left to die.

TO CAPTURE HAWAII.

Anarchists Hatching the Plot in Cleveland, O.

Cleveland, O., Oct. 25.—A socialistic scheme of monstrous proportions was unfolded by a labor leader of some prominence in this city to-day. He said that negotiations had been in progress for some time between a Chicago socialist, whose name he refused to divulge, and socialists and labor leaders the country over, with the purpose of forming a band of 10,000 interested men, who would go to Hawaii and capture the islands and form there a socialistic republic, patterned after their own pet ideas.

"KAFFIR KING" IS GENEROUS.

"Barney" Barnato Gave $75,000 to the Poor of London.

London, Oct. 26.—The South African mining market has had an exciting week, and came as near a collapse on Wednesday as at any time since the present panic began. The settlement which is progressing to-day was naturally looked forward to with some anxiety, although it was predicted that no important defaults would occur.

Barney Barnato, the "King of the Kaffirs," blames the brokers for allowing the weak speculators to get beyond their depth, and thus a crisis in which he has personally already used $15,000,000 in order to divert a calamity.

Barnato, by the way, has most opportunely sent $75,000 to the lord mayor of London for distribution to the poor, who are already suffering greatly as one of the results of the sudden cold wave.

WILL STOP FILIBUSTERS.

England to Get the Island De Pines in Return.

Minneapolis, October 26.—The member of the Cuban junta now in the northwest has declared that there is a secret compact between Spain and England, by which Spain is to turn over the Isla de Pines at the Southwestern end of Cuba to England in return for England's promise to prevent the fitting out of expeditions from her West Indian dependencies. The Isla de Pines would give England an immensely valuable naval station commanding the only channel to the Nicaraguan canal now controlled by England. He also asserts that Cuba will soon have a modern navy of five vessels under command of Admiral De Mello, the Brazilian sailor. Two ships are to come from Brazil and one from China. He admits that an effort is soon to be made to float an issue of $20,000,000 of Cuban bonds.

War Bulletins.

Havana, Oct. 29.—Generals Navarro and Canellas, while skirmishing in the province of Santiago De Cuba, exchanged shots with the enemy who lost three killed.

In the district of Sandiego Delvalle insurgents mutilated a prominent resident in the presence of his wife. In defense of her husband she lost her right hand from a machete cut.

Lieutenant Colonel Tejeda, while scouting at Isabelita and Lagunita, captured ten armed insurgents.

Two hundred insurgents attacked a train conveying arms and ammunition near Esperanza. Twenty-six soldiers repulsed the insurgent attack, and the latter left two killed.

Eighty insurgents surrendered to the authorities at Santa Clara.

The column of troops commanded by Colonel Tejeda, while scouting in the vicinity of Santa Barbara, recently captured two armed insurgents.

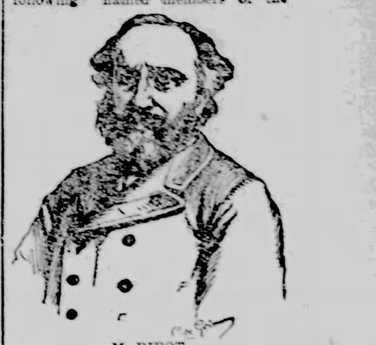
He reports that there is no enthusiasm in the insurgent ranks, and all are aiming only at their own benefit.

FRENCH MINISTRY RESIGNED.

Chamber of Deputies Refuse a Vote of Confidence.

Paris, Oct. 29.—The ministry of France has once more resigned. This act was precipitated in parliament yesterday by inquiries regarding certain charges that have been made about members of the chamber of deputies in the Panama and South of France railroad scandals.

The Figaro recently said that the following named members of the



M. RIBOT.

Head of the French Ministry Which Has Just Resigned.

chamber of deputies, who were members of the South of France railway syndicate, made the profits set against their names: Jules Roche, 28,000 francs; M. Rouvier, 6,750 francs; M. Etienne, 3,000 francs; M. Dorizze, 5,000 francs; M. Passy, 12,500 francs; M. Le Mercier, 5,400 francs.

In the chamber of deputies, M. Rouanet, who has been prominent in opposing those who were connected with the Panama Canal and Southern railway syndicates, questioned the government regarding the South of France railway scandal, it having been alleged that a number of senators, deputies and others have made profits out of the company by fair or unfair means. He declared that the good repute of parliament was involved, and asked as to partiality which had been shown towards those implicated in the scandals, claiming that the authorities had been afraid to prosecute them. He claimed that the deputies and senators involved, including Baron Reinach, of Panama canal fame, had disposed of 850,000 francs in devious ways, and in behalf of the Southern railways he demanded that the minister of justice, M. Thorieux, publish the documents in the case which were in his possession, and which would throw light on the affair.

An excited debate followed, and when he could be heard, the minister of justice defended the action of government and asked for a vote of confidence, which was refused.

The ministers then left the chamber of deputies in a body, amid ironical Radical cheers, and went to the Elysee palace, where they handed in their resignations to President Faure.

The chamber of deputies was adjourned for a week.

Brazil Will Retaliate.

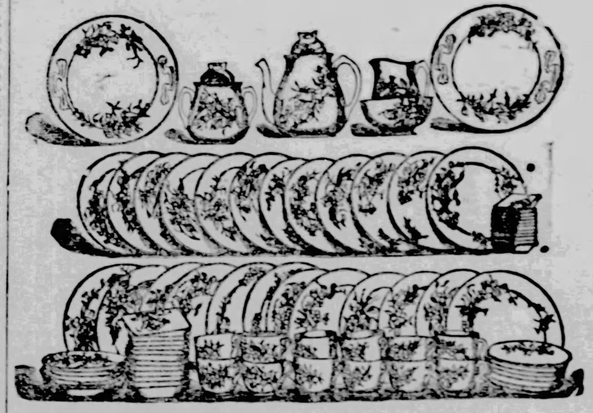
Buenos Ayres, Oct. 24.—Rio Janeiro, Brazil, telegraphs that, in the event that Brazil should be compelled to pay what her government regards as outrageous claims, made by European nations, she will retaliate.

Retaliation will take the form of an increased rate of duty upon all goods entered at the custom house from countries which press their claims, says:

BLADE CHINA TEA SETS
—AND—
DINNER SETS.

Another Reduction--Later Designs.

Eighty, Fifty-six, One Hundred and Eight or Twenty-eight Pieces handsomely decorated in several colors and gold band. These goods are made especially for THE BLADE, and we guarantee the highest quality of goods, the best grade of workmanship, the latest and most stylish shape of pieces, as well as late and artistic design of decoration. The following illustration was reproduced from a photograph of our first 80-piece Tea Set. It gives a fair idea, but we now have later designs and shapes. Also we give better material and color than formerly.



No. 1.—BLADE STANDARD TEA SET, 80 PIECES. We call this set like illustration above. We duplicate many of the sets The Blade has offered during the past year in connection with its WEEKLY BLADE. We have sold thousands of sets of these goods, and in every case the recipient received more than expected. This year we expect to sell out all the reduced prices will FIVE THOUSAND SETS. This set consists of 12 cups, 12 saucers, 12 breakfast plates, 12 dinner plates, 12 soup plates, 12 fruit dishes, 12 individual butter dishes, 2 round cake plates, 1 tea pot, 1 cover

WASHINGTON.

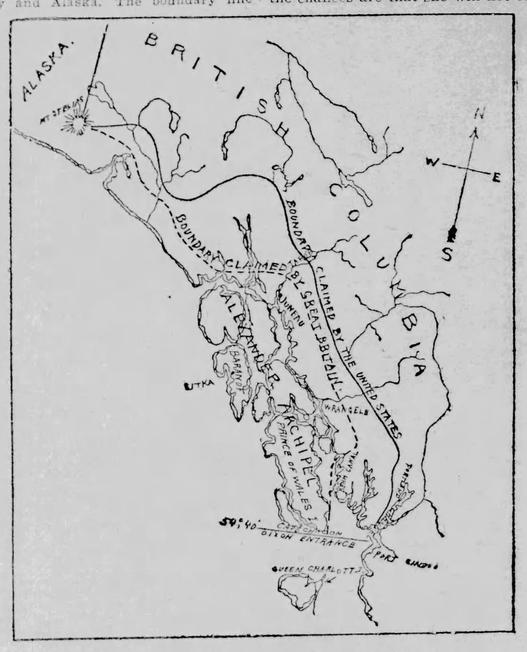
ENGLAND AFTER ALASKA.

Her Flimsy Claim to a 600-Mile Section of Coast.

Washington, Oct. 25.—The people of Alaska are much exercised over the attempt of the British government to set up a claim to the richest portion of that territory and to annex it to British Columbia. They say they will fight before they will see it taken. Much dissatisfaction is expressed at Juneau and other camps over the dilatory action of the government in this matter. The paramount reason of renewed activity in the boundary line question, according to the news brought yesterday by the steamer City of Topeka, is the brilliant outlook of the mining properties along the Yukon and in the vicinity of Juneau.

Prospectors are arriving in Juneau hourly with news of rich finds. The officers of the City of Topeka say that it is not uncommon to hear the expression, "Give us ten leagues or we will fight." They argue that England knows full well the vast richness of the country, and will leave no stone unturned to annex it.

The "ten leagues" demanded by citizens of Alaska refers to the distance from the coast line inland that is claimed by the United States as the boundary line between England's territory and Alaska. The boundary line



THE DISPUTED ALASKAN BOUNDARY.

was established in 1825 by the Russian treaty, which was incorporated verbatim in the contract for the purchase of Alaska from Russia by the United States in 1867. The treaty provided that the line should begin at the southern point of Prince of Wales Island, as shown in the accompanying map, which point lies in the parallel of 54 degrees 40 minutes north latitude, and between the 131st and 133d degree of west longitude.

The line ascends north along Portland Channel as far as the point of the continent, where it strikes the 56th degree of north latitude; from this last-mentioned point of demarkation the line was to follow the summit of the mountains situated parallel to the coast as far as the point of intersection of the 141st degree of west longitude (of the same meridian), and from this point the 141st degree, prolonged to the Arctic ocean, was to form the limit between the Russian and British possessions. The treaty also provided that wherever the summit of the mountains running parallel to the coast, from the 56th degree of north latitude to the point of intersection of the 141st degree of west longitude, should prove to be at a distance of ten marine leagues or more from the ocean, the boundary line should be formed by a line parallel to the winding of the coast, and never more than ten leagues therefrom. Subsequent surveys developed the fact that the mountains had no well-defined summit, but were merely a confused jumble of peaks, so that in the absence of the "parallel range," the treaty was interpreted to designate a line parallel to the coast and ten marine leagues inland.

Recognized for Sixty Years.

This line, so drawn, was recognized everywhere from 1825 to 1884 and has been so recognized on the Canadian official maps up to and including the later date. This boundary line is the heavy line shown on the map. The "Portland channel" has been continuously recognized on maps and charts, both Canadian and American, as the inlet indicated on this map.

Canadas first hint of disagreement with an interpretation which had been taken as a matter of course for sixty years was the claim, promulgated with considerable vigor, that the inlet marked "Behm Canal" on the map was really the "Portland channel" of the treaty of 1825, and that the Alaskan boundary should extend along the former instead of the latter inlet and then eastward to an intersection with the 56th degree of north latitude. The boundary as proposed by Canada then ran parallel to the coast from this point of intersection, thus giving to Alaska a much narrower strip of territory, and reserving for British possession the inner ends of almost all the best harbors along the coast, dealing a shrewd blow to American commerce with Alaska. The proposed boundary is shown by the dotted line in the map and intersects the line established in 1825 at Mount St. Elias, from which point northward along the 141st parallel the original boundary is undisputed.

No Ground for the Claim.

The shallowness and indeed absolute groundlessness of England's claim are apparent, for the right of the United States line to proceed eastward from Cape Chacon to the mouth of Portland channel is denied, while at the same time the new line proposed by England runs eastward for nearly an equal distance after it leaves Behm Canal.

The mistake of the United States was in ever acknowledging the existence of any British claim. However, it was done, and a commission was organized to look into the matter and report before December 31, 1895. Both governments have had a large engineering corps in the field for some time and the Canadians have made strenuous efforts to photograph the mountain range in such a way that it may appear to be more or less continuous—a futile undertaking.

It is this yielding to Canada of a rich and important territory, 100 miles in length and of varying width, including many valuable harbors and islands, that Alaskans are protesting against with all the force of which they are capable.

CANADA BECOMES CRAFTY.

Planning for a Port of Entry on the Yukon.

San Francisco, Oct. 25.—Captain E. E. Dickens, the chief officer in charge of the American survey in Alaska, to determine the boundary between the territory of the United States and Canada, has arrived in this city. Capt. Dickens talked about the work of the season and also concerning a general summary of the work accomplished up to date.

"The first year of the survey the Canadian parties worked with us to some extent," said Capt. Dickens.

"We have one of our members with the Canadians and they had one of their surveyors with us. Since then they have gone by themselves and this year we have not met them. The Canadians never discovered until about one year ago that they had any claim. Then they suddenly changed their maps and boundary. We have proceeded according to our understanding of the terms of the treaty under which Alaska was acquired by the United States, which rests on the agreement reached some years ago between Russia and Great Britain concerning the boundary.

"The Canadians want to get a port of entry at the head of Lynn Canal for the Yukon and also to get everything east of Clarence strait. They are ignoring the Portland Canal. Last year we saw the Canadians on Chilcat and Chilcoal inlets, but this year we have not seen them."

VENEZUELA IS FIRM.

She Will Not Consent to England's Demand.

Washington, Oct. 24.—"If Venezuela consults the United States before replying to the reported demand of Great Britain for indemnity for the arrest of the British colonial police, the chances are that she will not be advised to refuse to comply with the demand, but will file a counter demand for at least an explanation from the British government for the action of the colonial police in trespassing upon Venezuelan territory."

This statement was made by a high official of the government well trained in diplomacy. This gentleman was asked why the Venezuelan government had ordered the release of these men, had paid them for their personal losses and punished the Venezuelan official in charge of the outrage in which the arrest had occurred, if that government considered the arrest of the colonial police justifiable.

The reply he made elicited some facts which have not hitherto been published. He said that this action had been taken on the advice of the United States and was done not because it was thought an outrage had been committed on British subjects, but in order to prevent an aggravation of another serious complication existing between the governments of Great Britain and Venezuela.

At that time Secretary Gresham was urging Great Britain to submit the boundary dispute to arbitration, and both the United States and Venezuela felt that by adopting a conciliatory course in regard to the Uruan incident the chances for a successful issue to the arbitration negotiations would be greatly enhanced. In the opinion of this official the Uruan incident is inseparable from the general boundary line dispute and cannot be settled without involving the whole matter, Monroe doctrine and all.

EX-SENATOR VAN WYCK.

His Sudden and Brief Illness Proves Fatal.

Washington, Oct. 25.—Ex-United States Senator Charles H. Van Wyck, of Nebraska, died at 4:20 o'clock yesterday afternoon in his apartments at the Portland flats. At his bedside at the end were Mrs. Van Wyck, a daughter, Miss Fannie, and his wife's brother, Mr. Mark Brodhead.

The remains, accompanied by members of the family here, will be taken this evening via the Pennsylvania railroad to Milford, Pa., where they will be interred in the family burial

grounds Saturday afternoon. Funeral services will be held in the Presbyterian church at Milford at 4 o'clock and will be conducted by the Rev. Dr. Nichols. There will be no services here.

Charles Henry Van Wyck was born at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., May 10, 1824. He graduated at Rutgers in 1843 and soon afterward entered upon the profession of law. From 1850 to 1856 he was district attorney of Sullivan county, New York. He served in the lower House of Congress two terms, from 1859 to 1863 as a Republican. Before the close of his last term in the House he was chosen colonel of the tenth legion, or 56th regiment of New York volunteers. He went to the front and served with General McClellan in the Peninsula campaign. In 1863 he was brevetted brigadier general. After the war he returned to the practice of his profession and was again elected to Congress in 1867 and again served two terms. In 1874 he removed from New York to Nebraska and engaged in farming. But he soon drifted back into politics and in 1876 was a member of the constitutional convention. He was then elected to the state Senate, where he served until 1880, when he was elected to the United States Senate. He retired from the Senate in 1887 and returned to Nebraska, where he was subsequently twice a candidate for re-election without success. Mr. Van Wyck, although a very rich man, was an implacable foe of corporations. He was a great lover of antiques, and during his residence here haunted the auction rooms. In many things he was regarded as eccentric.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT

Sends No Answer to Secretary Olney's Message.

New York, Oct. 25.—A special to the Herald from Washington says: Additional particulars have just been ascertained concerning the contents of Secretary Olney's note to Great Britain on the Venezuelan matter. It is a communication of about 6,000 words, pointing out the applicability of the Monroe doctrine to the boundary dispute in Guiana and declaring the principle, which is the vital part of the note, and the great principle for which the United States is now contending, namely, that no European power shall enlarge its territorial dominion on the American continent by means of force.

Ten or eleven weeks have now elapsed since this important communication was placed in the hands of the British government, and no other response has been received than a formal acknowledgement thereof. The officials would very much like to have a reply before Congress convenes, but they are by no means sanguine that their wishes will be complied with. In any case the probabilities are that the President will officially make known the contents of Secretary Olney's note.

SNUB TO CHAMBERLAIN.

High Council of British Guiana Sat on Him.

Washington, Oct. 26.—The state department is in possession of the full text of the dispatches sent by Joseph Chamberlain, secretary of state for foreign colonies in the British cabinet, to Sir Charles Lees, governor general of British Guiana, concerning the strengthening of the frontier, the increase of police and the purchase of Maxim guns in the British Guiana territory. The department has been furnished also with the detailed action of the high council of British Guiana upon the recommendations of Minister Chamberlain. These proceedings make the surprising disclosure that the high council of British Guiana after its members had severely arraigned Minister Chamberlain for his precipitate action in recommending Maxim guns, defeated the resolution for their purchase by a vote of 10 to 8, thus rejecting the policy laid down by the British cabinet. The state department was put in possession of this information on Wednesday last, in an official communication from a high member of the diplomatic corps, who regarded the subject as of such importance that Secretary Olney should be in possession of the facts.

—When the high council opened its session it was soon evident that the members did not approve Mr. Chamberlain's proposition for guns and arms. Mr. Duncan said they were asked to vote money for the purchase of Maxim guns to place on the frontier which took them six weeks to reach. The first thing they might hear about that gun was that it was being exhibited as a curiosity at Bolivia. (Laughter.) Until they had easy and rapid communication, he would call it foolish to place Maxim guns along the frontier.

WE LEARN RAPIDLY

And England Will No Longer Teach Our Naval Constructors.

Washington, Oct. 25.—Apparently the British authorities feel they have gone as far as prudence and courtesy permits in assisting our naval constructors, for the Navy Department has been notified that her after no American naval officers will be permitted to take the course at the Greenwich royal school of naval architecture, a privilege which has been enjoyed by them for many years, with such signal benefit that they usually have graduated at or near the head of their classes. The Glasgow school and that at Paris, however, are still open to our young constructors, and with the opening of the Cornell course on naval architecture the Navy Department feels that it can get along very well.

THE THREATENED LAKE LEVEL.

Lake Carriers' Association Worrying Over Chicago Drainage Canal.

Washington, Oct. 26.—President Livingston, of the Lake Carriers' association, has written Gen. Craighill urging further investigation as to the effect of the Chicago drainage canal on the lake level. Craighill will recommend Congress to appropriate sufficient funds for this purpose. He says there are no funds on hand. He thinks it will take two years to reach a conclusion, and presumes the canal will be completed in the meantime. But the flow can be controlled by locks if the commission find the lake level likely to be affected. He thinks the canal ought to be completed, but the flow regulated by Congressional action.

UNCLE SAM'S EAGLE EYE

Is Giving Careful Attention to the Korean Situation.

Washington, Oct. 25.—The Navy Department is giving careful attention to the situation in Korea. The United States has no especial interest in the complication beyond the protection of American interests, and probably under no circumstances would do more than take precautions to this end by sending some of the ships now in Asiatic waters to the scene in case official advice should confirm the reports of prospective trouble.

WORKS OF ART ARRIVING.

Their Place Will be in the Congressional Library Buildings.

Washington, Oct. 28.—The works of art intended to decorate the new congressional library buildings are beginning to come in slowly. There have already arrived besides the nine sculptural statues decorating the western front of the building, which are carved in granite, three of the emblematic statues of heroic size for the great central reception room. These are "History," by Chas. H. French; "Science," by John Donoghue, and "Philosophy," by R. L. Pratt.

CLEVELAND PROMISED NOTHING.

Rumor That Has Its Origin in Spain Undoubtedly.

Washington, Oct. 25.—Some attention was attracted in Washington to-day by Madrid dispatches coming via Havana alleging that the President promised the Spanish minister to veto any action by Congress favorable to the Cubans. It can be stated positively that no such promise has been made, and that such a promise would be so irregular and unprecedented as to be beyond the range of probabilities.

The story can be set down as one intended to encourage the loyal element in Cuba.

Bering Sea Convention.

Washington, Oct. 23.—It is stated officially to-day that Hon. Mackenzie Powell, premier of Canada, and Sir Charles Tupper, minister of justice in the Canadian cabinet, will arrive in Washington on Monday next to assist in the Bering sea convention. The meetings of the convention will be held at the State Department, Secretary Olney representing the United States, and Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British ambassador, representing her majesty's government.

Found Him a Hero.

Washington, Oct. 23.—A medal of honor has been awarded to Wesley J. Powers, late private Company F, One Hundred and Forty-seventh Illinois Volunteers, for distinguished gallantry in action at Oostananla river, Georgia, April 3, 1863, in voluntarily swimming the river and bringing across the ferry boat under a heavy fire from the enemy.

Throwing Down Frauds.

Washington, Oct. 23.—Acting Postmaster General Jones has issued a fraud order against the Kansas Mutual Coupon Investment Company, of Kansas City, Kan. An order has also been issued against the British-American loan syndicate of Chicago for obtaining money through the mails by false and fraudulent practices.

NEXT YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois Are Combined.

New York, Oct. 25.—If present arrangements can be carried out the three big states of New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois will be found holding their forces close together when the national convention meets in June. That plan was talked over and practically ratified before the conference of the leaders broke up long after midnight yesterday morning.

The gatherings of Republican leaders here in New York was of course a session of practical politicians, and as such most of the talk was devoted to the questons of the best system of party management. There was a sentiment among those present at the different conferences that the men who had managed successful campaigns in the larger states should be trusted with the party management as far as possible. Thus Quay in Pennsylvania, Platt in New York, and Tanner in Illinois were looked to to set the pace for the next convention. An informal understanding was therefore arrived at, irrespective of the question of candidates, that Illinois, New York and Pennsylvania should act together in the convention, thus making a nucleus which, while it might not attempt to control the convention, could secure for the three states mentioned substantial recognition after the nominations were made. With 184 votes in the three states they could come near dictating the policy of the convention if not nominating the candidate.

As a result of the meeting Wednesday night it can be set down as a fact that New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois will work together in the next convention, a positive understanding to that effect having been arrived at.

The conference which fixed the date for calling the national committee together in Washington at December 10 was composed of all the party leaders who could be gathered together, but those who dined together later on at the Brunswick did not include many of those who were at the early gatherings. The dinner crowd included, by actual count, Senator Matt Quay, of Pennsylvania, ex-Senator Platt, of New York, Chauncey I. Filley, of Missouri, John R. Tanner, of Illinois, Gen. J. S. Clarkson, of Iowa, Senator T. H. Carter, of Montana, Garrett A. Hobart, of New Jersey, Gen. Russell A. Alger, of Michigan, Senator Jacob H. Gallinger, of New Hampshire, Samuel Fessenden, of Connecticut, William Lamb, of New York, and C. M. Shortridge, of California.

It was more or less demonstrated that Reed, of Maine, had the call among those present. Platt is openly for him when once Morton is out of the way, and the vote for him is to be purely complimentary. Quay has not and will not declare himself in advance, but he said enough to show that Reed will have the great bulk of the Pennsylvania delegates, the Western part of the state being for McKinley. Reports from Illinois showed that, while three out of ten voters might favor McKinley on sentimental protection grounds, the working leaders all over the state were for Reed at the present time. Therefore the clearly expressed sentiment when the leaders broke up long after midnight was that Reed would be likely to get the benefit if the tripartite alliance between Illinois, New York and Pennsylvania.

Those present admitted to-day ex-President Harrison's name had aroused not the slightest enthusiasm. Senator Allison's name was mentioned favorably, and the fact was brought out forcibly he might easily become the residuary legatee of the Reed strength should it appear that the man from Maine could not command enough votes.

After all the views had been exchanged, the only practical result of all the talk was the close partnership between Tanner, Quay and Platt, not so much to control the nomination as to secure recognition for their respective states.

REED'S CANDIDACY.

The Tri-State Combine Makes It Only Harder.

Washington, Oct. 28.—Thomas B. Reed is now admittedly the leading candidate for the Republican nomination for President. Here at the capital no one is disposed to deny that the big man from Maine is at the present moment the greatest figure in the contest. There is at the same time serious doubt whether he will be in the front of the column next spring. That will to a great extent depend upon himself. No man in the United States has a more difficult role to play than that which will fall to Mr. Reed's lot during the coming six months. No man will be more closely watched or severely scrutinized than he.

It is remarked here as an interesting coincidence that just 20 years ago another great man from Maine essayed to reach the Presidency through the speakership. He was the idol of large numbers of his party, enjoying a general popularity far greater than Mr. Reed's friends now claim for him. Blaine was Reed's superior as a politician, as a tactician, as a leader who knew how to make and hold friends, and to avoid creating enmities. In the speakership he played splendid politics, manipulating the ambitions, the selfishness and the gratitude of men just as Mr. Reed proposes to utilize them during the coming winter. Yet Mr. Blaine could not reach the Presidency, and the nomination of 20 years ago went to a Governor of Ohio.

Governor McKinley, while seemingly losing through this combination, really does not lose, for there has never been much chance for his securing on the first or the early ballots of the convention the support of a majority of the Pennsylvania, New York or Illinois delegations. It will have the effect of causing those who oppose Quay, Tanner or Platt in their respective states to come to his aid, and thus gain him votes that he could not otherwise secure.

As the matter stands Messrs. McKinley, Reed and Allison are the leading candidates in the order named, and in truth the three are almost tied for first place. Governor McKinley has Ohio solid at his back, many delegates from the South, and an enthusiastic and earnest support throughout the West.

TO CONTROL THE FRONTIER

Along the Canadian Boundary of Alaska.

New York, Oct. 28.—A special to the World from Washington says: The Alaskan boundary line question will be forced to a speedy determination by the action of Canada, if not by some diplomatic move on the part of Secretary of State Olney. It is announced that the dominion government intends to direct the mounted police to assume control of the whole frontier along the Canadian boundary of Alaska, with power to collect customs duty and to hold court martials to try criminal cases.

The American and Canadian boundary lines are in conflict as to 7.3 miles of territory along the Yukon river on the east and west line. The disputed territory embraces the mouth of Forty Mile Creek, through which access is had to the valuable placer mines at the headquarters of that stream. The Canadian police, in carrying out their instructions, will doubtless assume jurisdiction up to the lines of the Canadian survey, and several thousand American miners who will be in that region shortly will be subject to their authority. Secretary Olney, it is thought, in view of more or less serious character of the situation, will make some effort to bring up the dispute at the Bering Sea convention next week.

In case of trouble along the frontier in the Yukon mining region the United States district attorney at Sitka has the authority to employ deputy marshals to preserve law and order, but it would take several months for the news of the disturbance to reach him at Sitka.

Gloomy Outlook for Sugar.

Houston, Tex., Oct. 24.—Advices from Fort Bend law and other sections give gloomy accounts of this year's crop of sugar cane. The freeze of last winter seriously damaged the cane stubble, causing it to mature dry and hard.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Cuticura WORKS Wonders

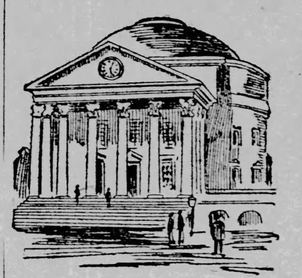
In curing torturing, disfiguring, humiliating humours of the Skin, Scalp, and Blood when all else fails.

Sold throughout the world. British Depot: F. NEWBERY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

FIRE IN A COLLEGE.

The University of Virginia Partly Destroyed.

Richmond, Va., Oct. 28.—The University of Virginia was almost irreparably injured yesterday by the burning of the rotunda and main hall, the most important building of the institution. The fire started in the annex to the ancient rotunda, and before its force was spent not only the annex, with its contents of almost incalcula-



THE DESTROYED ROTUNDA.

ble value, was destroyed, but the grand old rotunda, which stood as the greatest monument to Thomas Jefferson, the immortal founder of the university, and which was built after plans of his own, was a mass of ruins. The loss is Charlottesville, who came to their assistance. A brisk wind was blowing and it soon became evident that without more effective apparatus the adestimated at $300,000.

The fire, which was discovered at 10:30 a. m., by some students, burned fiercely and, though over 500 men used what appliances they had to fight the blaze, it was soon beyond their control, and that of the firemen of joining buildings would be doomed, for the water mains at the university were being repaired and a good head of water could not be secured. This fact being made known to the mayor, he telegraphed to neighboring cities for assistance, which was rendered as quickly as possible.

By this time the fire had got beyond all bounds and leaped from the annex to the rotunda. The firemen at once directed their attention to this building, as in it was the magnificent library of 6,000 volumes, many of them extremely rare and valuable, together with a life-size statue of Jefferson and a large number of magnificent portraits and rare works of art.

The students heroically addressed themselves to the saving of this valuable property. The statue of Jefferson, which is very heavy, was dragged from the burning building by willing hands and to-night it is upon the university grounds wrapped in a sheet. Not more than one-eighth of the library was saved, and that in a damaged condition.

The public hall was in the annex. Here hung Balze's copy of Raphael's celebrated "School of Athens," a magnificent work of art presented to the university by its antebellum alumni. Class rooms were in both the rotunda and the annex. The value of the magnificent library cannot be estimated in dollars and cents. It contained hundreds of documents, manuscripts and books that cannot be duplicated at any price, and many valuable portraits from the hands of celebrated artists, including one of Jefferson. In the library was the wonderful whispering gallery, which has attracted general attention from visitors by the thousands.

The university was the favorite project of Thomas Jefferson for forty years. As early as 1779 he conceived the idea, but the public demands upon his time for many years were so great that it was not until after the peace with England in 1815 that he could give his undivided attention to it.

WASPS NOT WORSHIPFUL.

Invaded a Church and Broke Up the Services.

New York, Oct. 28.—The new Cannan Methodist Episcopal church at South Norwalk, Conn., was well filled yesterday morning, and the sexton had lighted the fires for the first time this season. Having heard how many times firemen had been called out by smoke in the house from a newly lighted furnace, he used every safeguard; but he did not reckon the blue wasps with red legs that had made the church their residence during the summer. When the wasps began to swarm out in bunches on the walls the deacons became nervous, and when the insects began to mistake millinery flowers for wild weeds and the minister for an aggressive enemy, nervousness became general. Services were abbreviated, because the visitors, like the locusts in the Apocalypse: "Had tails like unto scorpions, and there were stings in their tails, and their power was to hurt men five months." The evening services were given up entirely.

INTO ONE SYSTEM.

A Project to Unite Several Transcontinental Lines.

Denver, Col., Oct. 24.—A rumor is abroad in railway circles to the effect that a movement is in progress with the object of uniting several of the transcontinental lines into one system, extending from Chicago to the Pacific coast. The lines said to be in the deal are the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, the Denver & Rio Grande, the Rio Grande & Western, the Northern and Oregon Short line. The project is of such magnitude that it is regarded with doubt by well informed railroad men. According to the report, if the government takes possession of the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific as one system, the consolidating lines named, perhaps with the substitution of the Colorado Midland for the Denver & Rio Grande is almost a sure thing.

BLOW TO WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

Constitutional Convention Snowed It Under To-Day.

Columbia, S. C., Oct. 29.—The convention to-day voted down the woman's suffrage amendment by a most decisive vote of 121 to 26. The whole morning session was given up to the discussion of the question. Geo. D. Tilman made a great speech in advocacy of the idea, claiming that by enfranchising woman with a property qualification, the white people could carry the elections by fair and honest methods, and by no other way could they do it. He characterized the suffrage plan of Senator Tilman as a temporary, fraudulent make-shift, which would not endure.

Populistic Divine Rants.

Denver, Oct. 28.—Rev. Myron W. Reed created a sensation by an address at a Populist campaign meeting last night by advising heroic methods for handling election frauds. In an impassioned speech he urged that 200 men be armed on election day to watch the polls, and whenever any one was detected fraudulently voting that he be shot down on the spot.

A BANKER'S DIVORCED WIFE.

Mrs. L. B. Becker is the Co-respondent in Mrs. Colt's Suit.

Providence, R. I., Oct. 23.—There are several new developments in the Colt divorce case. First there came a statement from Mrs. Theodore Colt, mother of Col. Colt, that the co-respondent in Mrs. Colt's bill for divorce is Mrs. L. B. Becker, the divorced wife of a prominent banker of New York. But although she admitted that Mrs. Becker was the co-respondent, Mrs. Colt said: "I have known Mrs. Becker very well. We were in New York together not long ago, and I know her too intimately to believe any such stories as have been circulated regarding her relations with Col. Colt.

"Mrs. Becker is 26 years old, and the daughter of a merchant. Up to a month ago she was registered at a hotel in Warren, R. I., but at the present time she is in Vermont. A year ago this summer she boarded at Bristol, and it was at that time her name was first connected with that of Col. Colt."

It is understood that Mr. J. J. Van Alen will accept the writ issued for his arrest in the Colt divorce suit, and will furnish the bail. He has engaged for his counsel Col. Samuel P. Hovey, who as member of the Democratic national committee helped to secure for him the appointment of minister to Italy, and George R. Rives, of New York.

NEW WOMAN'S METHOD.

Had Her Lover Arrested, Popped, and He Said Yes Blamed Quick.

Detroit, Mich., Oct. 29.—Miss Maria A. Brumm has been reading about sundry young men who failed to appear at their own weddings recently, and accordingly made up her mind that the rule in matrimony was to first catch your bridegroom.

Last week Miss Brumm swore out a warrant charging William Stevenson, a young man whose beauty is not too apparent, with stealing $20 from her. On her testimony he was fined $25 and given the privilege of working it out in jail.

Yesterday Maria called while he was engaged in this engrossing occupation and offered to pay his fine if he would marry her. William demurred for some time, but reflecting it was easier to get away from Maria than out of jail, he finally consented.

Last night the satisfied Miss Brumm came to the jail, escorted by the Rev. J. Haass, jr., had herself bound to William Stevenson for better or worse, paid his fine when she was sure the knot was secure, and took the bridegroom away with her. He has not escaped yet.

DUKE OF ANTRIM ESTATE.

Eighty Millions Lying Around Waiting for an Heir.

Minneapolis, Oct. 24.—The recent death of the Duke of Antrim, the owner of a vast estate near Belfast, Ireland, brings to light a highly romantic condition of affairs, involving the appearance of a long lost heir to an old Irish family fortune of $80,000,000 and the importunate claims of a host of alleged illegal heirs.

A very important party to the story is a resident of this city, Enoch A. Thompson, of No. 408 Nicolet ave. The story in brief is this: Enoch Thompson's grandfather, Joseph Thompson, was the owner of the estate of Antrim, North Ireland. Just after the Orangemen's rebellion, he was forced to fly for his life, at a few hours' notice, leaving all his property uncared for.

Last night Enoch Thompson, of Minneapolis, received a letter from his father, the only living heir of Joseph Thompson, stating that the attorney for the Antrim estate had sought him out at Dayton, O., and the letter contained an earnest request for Enoch to come to Dayton and make himself acquainted with the situation.

COUP A LA KNOCK OUT.

Guess Corbett and Fitz Won't Fight in Arkansas.

Hot Springs, Ark., Oct. 29.—The flank movement made last night by Gov. Clarke and Attorney-General Kinsworthy appears to have effectually settled the question of the possibility of Corbett and Fitzsimmons ever meeting in this state, and all hopes of pulling off the fight in Hot Springs has been abandoned. The attorney-general made the affidavit upon which the warrant for Fitzsimmons' arrest was issued, and the papers were issued by a magistrate in Little Rock, and placed in the hands of the sheriff at Texarkana. The plan is not to allow him to reach here. Attorney-General Kansworthy remained in this city today for the purpose of having the Australian arrested here in the event that he should slip through Texarkana without being apprehended. It is his intention to have Fitzsimmons placed under a heavy bond to keep the peace, and thus prevent the fight.

CHANDLER PREDICTS WAR.

Says It Will Soon Occur Between England and Uncle Sam.

Concord, N. H., Oct. 29.—An editorial in the Evening Monitor, Senator Chandler's paper, and written by the Senator, says in part:

"War between the United States and England is inevitable. It will arise on account of the British disregard for our direct interests. It will also be forced by British encroachments upon other nations all over the world. It will be fought by us having Russia as our European ally. As war offensive on our part, it may not happen within twenty years. As a defensive war, it may come sooner, and should be welcomed. One sure result will be the capture and permanent acquisition of Canada by the United States."

DECLINE OF THE LEAD PENCIL.

Wail From Ernst Faber Over the Destruction of Cedar.

Washington, Oct. 29.—United States Consul Stephan, at Annaberg, in a report to the State department, quotes Ernst Faber, the well-known pencil maker, as deploring the condition of the lead pencil industry in Germany. He complains that the barbarous destruction of valuable cedar forests in America without replanting is greatly increased the price of wood suitable for pencil making, while the Americans have literally swamped the British and Mexican and Indian markets with cheap pencils.

IF ONLY THIS BE TRUE.

Governor of Arkansas Says the Fight is Stopped Now.

Chicago, Oct. 29.—The Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight has already been stopped, and will never take place—certainly not in Arkansas. That seems to be the substance of a dispatch addressed to The Associated Press and sent out today signed by the governor of Arkansas. The telegram was received at the office of The Associated Press in Chicago at noon. It reads as follows:

"Little Rock, Ark., Oct. 29.—Intend to stop the fight at all hazards, regardless of place and time when attempted. In fact it is stopped now."

Money, Crops, Trade.

THE GREAT DROUTH.

Farmers of Ohio Alarmed at the Dry Weather.

Columbus, Oct. 25.—The farmers of Ohio are becoming greatly alarmed over the probable effect of the long continued drouth on the wheat crop for 1896. Most of the wheat in this state was sown in August and early in September and the general light rains enabled it to sprout and get a fair start. There has been no rain of any consequence, however, for a month and the growth of the wheat has been greatly retarded.

Mr. Daniel McAllister, the well-known grain man, who is a good authority, said regarding the wheat prospects last night. "The drouth has hung on so long and the serious phase of the situation has manifested itself so slowly that it is only recently that farmers have begun to complain. All the wheat sown early got a fair start, but the crop prospects are greatly endangered by the continued dry weather. The growth of the wheat has been greatly retarded and in event of a light rain and severe freeze without snow to cover the wheat, it would be blasted. All the barley and timothy seed sown late has sprouted and died."

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Influenza, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Swelling of the Joints, Lumbago, Inflammations,

Rheumatism, Neuralgia

Frostbites, Chilblains, Headache, Toothache, Asthma,

DIFFICULT BREATHING.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. NOT ONE HOUR after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by druggists

The last official crop bulletin of the state board of agriculture shows the wheat crop of Ohio for 1895 was 26,500,000 bushels against 51,000,000 bushels in 1894. The crop for 1893 was only 81 per cent of the average and many farmers being discouraged have sown less than the usual acreage this fall. Wheat is now quoted at about 60 cents, but a prominent grain dealer predicts that it will be quoted at $1.25 before the next crop is harvested.

HALT HAS BEEN CALLED.

Steel Has Stopped in Its Headlong Plunge Downward.

Pittsburg, Oct. 25.—The American Manufacturer says: "Something of a halt seems to have been called on the lowering tendency in a number of lines in the iron and steel market. The only changes in the pig iron market this week show stronger prices, although the advance is rather small. Grey forge is quoted at $12.25@12.50 cash; No. 1 foundry, $15@15.25; Bessemer, $16.25@$16.50; charcoal cold blast, $24

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Toledo, O., October 29, 1895.

The following shows changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Oct. 28.	Oct. 22.
U. S. 4's new), coupons	122½	122¾
U. S. 4's (new), registered	121½	121½
U. S. 5's, coupons	113¾	113¾
U. S. 5's, registered	114¾	114¾
U. S. 4's, coupons	111¼	111¼
U. S. 4's, registered	111½	111¼
U. S. 2's, registered	97¼	97½
Pacific 6's of '95	100	100

Condition of the Grain Market at the Close To-Day.

Wheat started a little higher to-day on higher cables and dry weather, but there was a disposition early to sell, and prices eased, closing with a downward tendency. There was no marked feature in the trade. The markets were active.

Corn was off on lower cables and fair selling. At Chicago October corn opened at 29c, rose to 30¼c, and eased to 29¾c; November opened at 29¼c and closed at 29¼c; December, 27¾c and to close 27¼c; May, 28¼c and finally 29¼c bid. At New York December corn opened at 38¾c, ased, firmed at 35½c bid, and closed at 35¼c bid; May, 35¾c asked and to close 35¾c bid.

Prices of wheat to-day:

Dec.	Opened	Highest	Lowest	Close
Toledo	68½	68½	67¼	67¼
Chicago	69½	69¾	68¾	69¾
New York	67¼	68	66¾	nom
St. Louis	69¼	69¼	68¼	69¼

October wheat at Chicago, 69¾c, nominal; May, 64¾c to open and 65¾c to close. May wheat, Chicago, 70¼c to open and 70c to close.

Receipts in the Northwest to-day: Wheat, 910,325 bushels, with 1,513 cars on track; same day last year 938.

Estimated receipts at Chicago for to-morrow: Wheat 425 cars; corn, 205; oats, 205.

Prime receipts to-day: Wheat, 1,598,000 bushels; same day last year, 653,000; corn receipts, 287,000 bushels; same day last year, 206,000.

Liverpool closed 1-2d lower; Paris wheat, 15 centimes lower, and flour 10@ 20c lower; Berlin wheat 1-2@3/4c lower.

Export clearances to-day: Wheat, 62,937 bushels; flour, 26,062 bbls.; or, wheat and flour as wheat, 181,216 bushels.

Pork at Chicago for October delivery $7.25 nominal; January, $9.02 to open and $8.95 to close.

Oats for May at Chicago, 29 1-2c to open and 29 3-8c to close.

The Close at Toledo—Wheat Lower.

At the close to-day cash and future delivery wheat was 3-4c lower than on yesterday. Trade was active and the market is feverish in consequence.

No. 2 soft red wheat 67 3-4@67c latter to conclude; No. 3 soft red, 64 1-2c, then 64c; No. 4 soft red, 59c.

December wheat, 68 1-2@67 3-4c, less price to close; May, 69 1-2@68 3-4c.

Corn—Fair Trade, Steady.

There was a fair market for corn, but prices were about the same as on yesterday. No. 2 mixed corn, 32½; No. 3 corn, 31 1-2c; No. 2 yellow, 34½; No. 3 yellow, 33c; No. 2 white, 32c; No. 3 white, 31 1-2c.

Oats—Dull, steady; No. 2 mixed, 29 1-2c; No. 2 white, 27 1-2c.

Rye—Steady; No. 2, 42c.

Clover Seed—No. 2, Fairly active and steadier; prime, cash and October, $4.30; No. 2 seed, $4.05; buckhorn, $4.00. Receipts, 68 bags; shipments, 6 bags.

F. N. Gradle reports street prices: No. 2 soft red wheat, 62c; No. 2 white, 60c; corn (new), 24c; oats, mixed, 19c; white, 21c; rye, 38c.

Toledo Produce Market.

Trade fair. In butter the supply is ample, although very best grades sell at top figures; steady. Eggs steady, equal to demand. Hides weak. Vegetables steady.

Butter—Creamery, best Ohio, 21@22; finest Western, 20@21c; fine fresh, 19@20c; fine dairy solids, 17@20c; good country, 12½@15c.

Eggs—Strictly fresh, 16c; cold storage, 15c; limed, 12c.

Poultry